MERRY SONGS AND GAMES

BY

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OF

MERRY SONGS AND GAMES

For the Use of the Kindergarten.

SELECTED AND COMPILED BY

CLARA BEESON HUBBARD.

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is nothing real, wrote Friedrich Froebel, but mind. In these few words he tells his secret to all who have ears to hear. History records the process through which mind learns to know itself, and in the individual struggle towards a complete self-consciousness we must each re-live, at least in outline, the grand historic periods which mark advancing stages of mental and spiritual growth.

The development of mind is a progressive self-recognition, and this recognition is effected through perception of the analogies between mind and nature, through the instinctive exertion of uncomprehended power and through the participation of the one in the thought of the many. In nature, in other men, and in the products of his own activity man finds the solution of himself. He knows himself spiritually, as he knows himself physically, only through the mirrors which reflect his image. Born in unconsciousness and destined to freedom, he is constantly transforming the abstract possibility through experience and expression into attainment and insight, and interpreting the ideal by making it actual.

The facts to hold in mind, if we would trace this process through its various phases, are: 1st. That sympathies and feelings are the rudimentary forms of thought. 2d. That the transition from feeling to thought is effected through the activity of the will, and that thought itself beginning with the vague abstract, and confused only through repeated returns upon itself, becomes concrete, organic and complete. These points need illustration in detail.

As a matter of fact, we will all admit that we feel before we know what or how we feel. The unconscious baby is pleased, or angry, or fretful, and *manifests* the feeling he does not *comprehend* in his smile and his cry. He begins to *know* when he begins to distinguish between these different sensations—to separate the sensation of hunger from that of sleepiness, or to recognize the difference between anger and content. In distinguishing one from the other he becomes vaguely conscious of the nature of each, and dimly recognizes them as general possibilities apart from their particular manifestations. This abstracting and generalizing consciousness is precisely what constitutes the difference between feeling and thought.

What is true of the baby is true of the primitive man. Instincts and impulses precede conscious thought. The maternal instinct of the savage differs but little from that of the brute—it is thought reacting upon this instinct which converts it into true mother love. So the blind feeling of dependence expresses itself instinctively in a crude social organization, the vague sense of beauty gives birth to art, and in the feeling of wonder we find the source of science and religion.

Again, what is true of the general course of development is true of each particular phase of it. It would be false to say that the infant feels and the man thinks, or that the race as a whole left feeling behind, when through feeling it had painfully struggled upward into thought. Born of feeling, thought creates new feelings, and in the circular process by which mind returns upon itself, each idea culminates in an emotion which again yields a new idea.

We illustrate this process in every detail of our lives. We believe and love before we comprehend, and yet clear comprehension intensifies our faith and our devotion. Our hearts reach out blindly towards the hearts of others and only experience transforms the instinctive attraction into the comprehending affection. Yet who does not know that the love he bears to the friend he has tried and tested is deeper far and stronger than the unanalyzed instinct which first singled out that friend and set him in his heart apart from other men? In our religious experience we set up our first altars always to the "Unknown God," and our abstract faith yields feebler evidence of the things not seen. But when beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed into His image, and learn to know Him through becoming like him, a higher faith is born of our clearer insight, and the truths we know stimulate acceptance of the truths unknown. The unity of creation thrills the *heart* long before it is grasped as a conception by the *mind*, and what the correlationist demonstrates to-day, the poets sang centuries ago, and yet it seems to me, the sublimity of the proved truths must and will inspire a strain nobler far than any yet chanted into the listening ear of the world.

Remembering then that thought is simply feeling which knows itself, we pass to our second point, which is that it comes to this knowledge through expression and through the recognition of correspondences to itself in nature and in men. As spirit is the reality of which nature is the symbol, it follows that the less spirit knows itself the more it will seek its image in natural forms. For this reason we find that the earliest forms of religion and art are always symbolic. The obscure thought or feeling recognizes itself in a symbol and cannot recognize itself in a definite and exact reflection. We need a mirror, not of what we are, but of what we already dimly know ourselves to be. Mankind's vague feeling of a supreme power led first to *the* identification of that power with rivers, mountains, sun, moon, or whatever natural object corresponded most nearly to the indefinite idea which floated unconscious in the depths of the emotion. When through the analogy thus detected, the feeling began to define itself, men embodied in symbolic forms the impression they were still unable to fully grasp. Vast monuments like the Tower of Babel breathed their awe of unknown Power; images with multi

plied heads and hands and wreathed with the serpent symbol of eternity, expressed their crude conception of the mysterious force productive of life; the phœnix self-consumed and born again from its own ashes, uttered their voiceless hope of immortality.

*The symbol is a sensuous object which suggests an idea. Our hearts leap within us at sight of the American flag, because it is the symbol of our nationality, and are hushed into devotion by the cross because it is the symbol of our faith. "The plastic beauty of the Greek temple corresponded to the plastic beauty of the divinity dwelling within;" and the Gothic Cathedral, supreme, symbolic expression of Christian art, typifies the central truth of the Christian religion—the unity which demands and realizes itself through variety.

The symbol is distinguished from the signs of language in that there is a real analogy, and not merely a formal relation between the image and the idea it represents. This analogy may be due to a quality common to the image and the idea or to association of the image with experiences illustrating the idea. Thus, the circle, symbolizes eternity through the merging of its end in its beginning; the cross symbolizes self-sacrifice through its association with the supreme sacrifice upon Calvary.

In all symbolic expression the correspondence between the idea and the object is vague and indeterminate. There is something in the image which corresponds with something in the idea, but the mind which seeks symbolic expression has not abstracted the element in which the resemblance lies. No devout fire worshipper could have told why to him the light was God. No Egyptian could have defined the thought he uttered in the Sphinx.

Finally, it is to be observed that symbolism is not confined to the arts of material representation. We read of symbolic numbers, symbolic figures traced in space, symbolic dances, and we find symbolism in the spoken and written languages of all primitive peoples. Whenever men have felt more than they comprehended they have sought analogies to their feeling, and gradually through perception and expression of these analogies have transformed feeling into thought.

Granting validity to the assumed parallel between the development of the race and that of the individual, should we not find in the manifestations of the child correspondences to the symbolic expression of primitive man? Scarcely have we formulated the question before we recognize that we have found the true key to the life of the child. New questions and illustrations numberless throng into the mind. The baby's eye is fixed and fascinated by all moving objects,—may it be because his own feeling of life grows vaguely conscious when confronted with life's physical expression? The young child peers curiously into the birds nest, and eagerly watches the mother bird feeding her young—can he be unconsciously seeking a symbol of mother love? He follows with delighted eyes the swift flight of the bird through the air, and eagerly bends to catch the fish darting through the water—may it be that these types of unimpeded activity startle into consciousness his own ideal of freedom? He cons over and over the history of Solomon Grundy, and listens with an attention that never flags to the marvellous exploits of Jack the Giant Killer; is it because there is stirred in him by the one a vague presentiment of the continuity of individual life, and through the other a prophetic feeling of man's truest self as realized not in men but in mankind? He trembles and turns pale when the thunder smites his ear and the lightning blinds his eye—may there be something in his feeling akin to the awe which bowed the hearts of primitive men before an unknown power; and is there in his *soul* when he stretches out his hands towards the moon, a reflection of the feeling which in all ages has led men to find in light the symbol of the divine?

Through the hint given in history and confirmed by the instinctive self-revealings of the child it became clear to the mind of Froebel that if we wish to foreshadow fundamental truths to infant minds, we must present them in symbolic forms, and also devise some means for enabling the child to give them symbolic expression.

In his attempt to do this lies, I think, the originality and significance of his method. I shall endeavor to show how the symbolic idea pervades his songs and determines the sequence and application of his gifts.

Prefixed to each of the songs of Froebel is a motto intended to make clear to the mind of the mother the thought underlying the play. Glancing over these mottoes we are struck at once with the prevalence of a single thought. The unity that underlies variety seems to be the burden of every song. In one, for instance, we read:

"Wouldst thou with the child maintain a union true,
Let the light of unity in all thy deeds shine through.

In another we are enjoined:

"Let not the child an inward feeling cherish,
That he within himself one life can be;
Only a member of the living whole—
A portion of this varied life is he.

We turn over a few pages, and are met by a new suggestion, inspired by the same thought:

"Whatever singly thou hast played,
May in one charming whole be made.
The child alone delights to play,
But better still with comrades gay.
The single flower we love to view,
Still more the wreath of varied hue.
In each and all the child may find,
The least within the whole combined.

Again, we are urged:

"Ever in relations with the child recall
The truth that unity exists in all.

"We are made attentive to the fact that—

Early the child divines aright,
That several parts in one whole unite.

We are told that the child having, through his own ac-

* See Translation of Hegel's Philosophy of Art, by Wm. M. Bryant, from which I borrow definition and illustration of symbolism.

tivity, combined different elements into a whole—

"Feels in his heart a glad surprise.
He feels the charm *that binds in one,*
The work in several parts begun.

And, finally, in a motto to a song intended to be sung, "When children for sleep prepare and fold their hands in prayer," we are exhorted thus:

"Mother feel it deeply—*One* doth watch
When all in sombre night are wrapped in sleep,
Have faith! the good awaits thy careful search,
Will from all fear and harm the children keep.
Truly to them, naught better can'st thou give
Than the true feeling *they in one life live.*

Scarcely less universally penetrating than this thought of unity is the relationship of all we see to the unseen. In the motto of the tasting song, we read:

"Ever through the senses nature woos the child,
Thou canst help him comprehend the lesson mild;
By the senses is the inner door unsealed,
Where the *spirit* glows in light revealed.

Prefixed to the song of smell, are the lines:

"The child full early may perceive
In everything that lives,
The inner presence of a power
That for existence strives.

Again, we read "That much is given to the outward ear, that man, all unheeding, will not hear." We are urged to help the child "Through the outer, the inner tie to know." We are told that "Through constructive form he passes from the outward to the inward," and we are enjoined:

"Have care then for the little child so bright,
Let him not follow a delusive light;
And not entirely in the *outward* live,
But let the *inner* life its impulse give."

If then, we may take Froebel's own word for it, his main object is to lead the child to seek the *one* behind the many, and detect the *unseen* under the seen. What concerns us next are the means he uses to attain his end.

What the thought of unity is to the mind the feeling of sympathy is to the heart. We are one with the thing we love. To awaken sympathy is, therefore, to present the idea of unity in the most rudimentary form. Hence, we find Froebel devising all possible means to rouse and direct the child's sympathies. He gives him a garden to dig and plant, that watching for the results of his labor may quicken his interest in the miracle of growth; he gives him his own cat, or dog, or bird, that tending the helpless pet he may grow to love it; he puts the watering can in the hands of the baby, and sings to him of how the water refreshes the thirsty flowers. He trains the child to represent the flight of the bird, the swimming of the fish and the galloping of the horse, that sharing their activities he may identify himself with their being, and he leads him to reproduce in his plays the varied life of man in order to quicken his sympathy for men. The principle which guides him is obvious. Give a feeling expression and the expression in its reaction intensifies the feeling. Sharing the life of nature and of man the child feels himself one with both.

In the child's representations we detect at once a crude form of symbolism. When the child feels himself a bird because he imitates the flight of the bird, it is because he has been struck chiefly with the bird's swift motion, and has not learned to consider motion as an abstraction. So he holds the creeping motion in identity with the cat and the motion of sowing, reaping and sifting in the game of the farmer, in identity with the processes they represent. Seizing things by a single side, and identifying distinct objects through a common quality he individualizes history and relives the symbolic life the race lived through so long ago. Ever to him the gold ring makes Betty a lady, and the new drum promotes Johnny to be drummer to the King.

The unity of man and nature pre-supposes their common origin. The child who feels connections and dependencies will have at least a confused presentiment of God. Awed by the thunder,—solemnized by the darkness—gladdened by the sunlight, and stirred in the depths of his spirit by the rushing of the invisible wind, he feels a presence he cannot define, and blindly reaches out towards "the all enfolding and all upholding." Remembering history, Froebel is careful to direct his attention to those natural objects which the instinct of mankind chose as symbols of the unknown Power that ruled the world. Of the fifty songs in the "Mother Play" no less than ten have for their theme some one of the varied aspects of light. They show us light as the source of form and color,—light as a creative and transforming force—light as nature's expression of gladness and love,—light and darkness as corresponding to good and evil,—light and the eye as symbolizing truth and the mind,—the pleasures of sight as contrasted with the grosser pleasures of touch, symbolizing the truth that the deepest and purest joys of life are apart from material possession. I give a single motto, and song to illustrate this phase of Froebel's method.

MOTTO.

Early this truth to thy child must be told:
All things that charm him his hands may not hold.

SONG.

Child.

O, birdie dear! O, birdie dear!
O, birdie on the wall!
O, birdie dear! O, birdie dear!
Be still now while I call;
You must not fly away so,
And dance about and play so.
O, birdie dear! O, birdie dear!
Be still now while I call—

Mother.

The little bird is formed of light—
It cannot be held in the fingers tight;
It flies on the wall just to please the sight;
It shines to give thy heart delight.

So it is in life with full many a pleasure;
We are not to seize in our hands the treasure.
It wakens a nobler feeling of joy,
And both shall become then the gainers thereby.

The distinctive peculiarity of all kindergarten songs is the emphasis placed upon gesture. As the child sings he makes movements which point the meaning of melody and words. Before this particular song is sung the light-bird is thrown upon the wall by means of sunlight reflected from the flat surface of a mirror. As soon as the children catch sight of the quivering reflection they stretch out their hands towards it, follow it eagerly as it darts from floor to wall, and from wall to ceiling, admonish it with warning finger to be still and with beckoning hand invite it to them. At the words, "You must not fly away so," they extend their arms horizontally, and as they move them rapidly in imitation of the flight they deprecate, the school room seems to vanish and one feels for the moment transported into the midst of the fluttering life of forest and field. I have seen tears rush into strong men's eyes while listening to this song and watching the intent look on the little faces as suddenly ceasing their lively movements, and closing their fingers the children sing:

"The little bird is formed of light,
And cannot be held in the fingers tight."

The third phase of Froebel's application of the method of symbolism is the most difficult to explain, though it is the simplest in its practical adaptations. It rests on a two fold basis:—1st. That by our actions in small matters and our thought in definite and limited spheres, we fix our spiritual and intellectual tendencies:—2d. That as the process of thought is the solution of the universe, the nature of this process must be hinted in all of its products. Therefore, to lead the child to perceive relative unities is to prepare him to realize the inclusive process of the world, to train him in the smallest things to seek for the invisible causes of visible effects, is to stir within him that reverence for the unseen, which will culminate in the vision of God.

The games of the weathercock and the bird's nest will illustrate this application of the symbolic idea. In the former, through representing the motion of the weathercock, the interest of the child is aroused in the wind. He is then led to notice the effect of the wind on different objects. The cock creaks on the steeple—it is the wind which makes it move, now here, now there. The clothes flutter on the line—it is the wind that moves them to and fro. The wind turns the sail of the windmill and makes its clappers beat. The wind bends the branches of the trees and sets each leaf in quivering motion. The little girl's hair is blown by the wind—through the wind the kite mounts high in the air. In a word, we have varied visible effects traced to the activity of a single invisible cause.

In Froebel's commentary on the game of the bird's nest he dwells at some length on the underlying unity of life, and insists that it should be hinted to the child through tracing connections in things which come under his own observation. In what, he then asks, can this be better shown than in a nest of young birds? Lead the child to notice, therefore, the *season* in which birds are hatched,—the *places* where nests are built, and the characteristic forms of different nests. In the beautiful spring time, when the baby birds are born, they find just the weather and the food they need. Summer brings them grain and berries, in autumn, when food is hard to find, they have learned to seek it for themselves and when cold winter comes they have grown strong enough to fly away. Be sure the parent birds have built their nests where they can easiest find food for their little ones. In the neighborhood of human dwellings are many flies, and gnats and spiders; and see between the rafters of one house is the nest of the sparrow—in the chimney of another the nest of the swallow. Robin Redbreast builds in the hedge so rich in insects; the titmouse makes his home in the hollow trees where worms are plenty, and the stork, who loves frog, builds in the marsh where frogs do congregate.

Notice, too, the various forms of nests and their adaptations. The finch's nest, between the branches of the apple tree, is scarcely to be distinguished from the bark; the titmouse avoids danger by a nest which looks like a bundle of moss. Just what the little birds need for their safety and for their food, they have, and this fact dawning on the mind of the child, must stir within him a presentiment of the relationships of life and the unity of their source.

To think anything truly, we must think it as an element in an organic process. Particular things vanish—only the active processes abide. We think of the plant as springing from the seed—sending up its slender stalk, pushing forth its shining leaves, crowning itself with beauty in its flowers, consummating the circle of its life in the seed to which it returns. So old Jaques described the process of human life in his picture of the seven ages of man—the infant, school boy, lover, soldier and justice, being simply vanishing moments in the continuous individuality.

In a significant series of games, Froebel indicates the simple processes which may be grasped by the comprehension of the child. The farmer sows, and threshes, and reaps the grain; the miller grinds it into flour, which the baker makes into bread, that the baby may have his supper. For his milk he must thank Molly who milked the cow, Peter who mowed the grass—God who sent sunlight and rain to make the grass grow. The spoon he eats with is traced back through the smith to the charcoal burner; the house he lives in, through the carpenter to the trees growing in the woods; his shoes through the shoemaker to the goat who gave his skin for leather; the worsted ball he plays with to the "white sheep's back on which it grew." Finally, the process is traced to its source in a thought or feeling. "The carpenter must *love* the child—the good, protecting house to build." There is nothing true, exclaims Froebel, but *thought*. The things of sight and sense are only its fleeting manifestations.

Not yet, however, is Froebel through with the idea of unity and the method of symbolism. Both pervade and characterize his gifts. It does not fall within the scope of this paper to consider these gifts in detail, but in the features common to all of them, we shall readily find a key to Froebel's thought.

Looking at the gifts as a whole, we observe at once their typical character. Geometric forms are the patterns according to which nature works, they are the ideas variously embodied in material objects,—the universals of form which underlie all its particular manifestations. These geometrical forms Froebel makes the playthings of the child. The first gift consists of balls of different colors;—the second, of a wooden cube, sphere and cylinder;—the third, fourth, fifth and and sixth, of tubes so divided as to illustrate every variety of prism and parallelopiped;—the seventh, of square and triangular tablets, through combinations of which the child becomes familiar with all the regular polygons--the eighth and ninth, of sticks and rings, embodying the straight and curved lines. These gifts are not given to the child as object lessons, they are toys with which he plays—material which he analyzes and transforms. Through using the forms he becomes interested in them, his awakened interest makes him quick to detect objects resembling them; detecting analogies he is led to comparison, and through comparison he abstracts the vitalizing idea. "Furnishing parallel cases is always the necessary first step towards finding the reason imbedded in all." This reason is *one*, and thus here again the mind is led from variety to unity and from the seen to the unseen.

It is characteristic of the symbolic phase of mind that it seizes not *objects* but *attributes*. That this has not escaped the mind of Froebel, we see from the fact that in each of his gifts he presents universal qualities in striking contrast, emphasizing, therefore, not the object itself, but some attribute common to all objects. Contrasts of color, form, material, size, dimension, relation, position, number, taste, smell, sound and movement, lead gradually to the abstraction of these qualities, and furnish the children with the key to the material world. For in all knowing we simply recognize what we already know, and can predicate of a new object only the qualities with which we are familiar. To recognize that grass is green, implies the knowledge of greenness; to detect that the bark of a tree is rough, implies the knowledge of roughness.

An interesting thought in this connection is that contrasts being based upon universal relationships, the detection of contrasts in any given sphere prepares for the recognition of analogous contrasts in other spheres. The contrast of long and short detected in form may be extended to movement and to time; the contrast of high and low grown familiar in position is recognized again in sound and through analogy in character. The opposition of sweet and sour applies not only to taste. We constantly contrast sweetness with sourness of disposition, instinctively recognizing the *analogous relationship* which here, as everywhere, make possible parallels between the things of sense and the things of thought.

Recurring to Froebel's desire to foreshadow from the beginning of life the supremacy of the unseen, we detect the deep reason which led him to insist so strongly upon a creative as opposed to a merely receptive activity. His own emphatic statement is that man made in the image of God, should, from the beginning of his life, be conceived and treated as a creative being, and the main object of his gifts is to supply to the child organized material adapted to stimulate productive power. The child *represents* with his ball, cube and cylinder; *builds* with the blocks of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth gifts, and makes pictures with his tablets, sticks and rings. Giving form to his own vague fancies he learns to know thought as a shaping power. Realizing his own crude productions as imperfect images of the idea which floats before the eye of his mind, he will not be startled when he comes to know later that natural things are mere appearance—creative thought the one reality. Expressing his thought he will tend to see in all things the expression of thought. Therefore, to cultivate productivity is to lay a basis for faith and happiness. Analysis can give only the scattered elements of thoughts and things. The constructive idea must bind the parts into a living whole.

A significant feature of the Kindergarten material is that it is so organized that in using it the child is, as it were, forced to foreshadow in limited applications the most inclusive truths. These truths ruled in Froebel's mind and created his gifts. They are the realities the gifts symbolize. Hence, they must be suggested to the child through the use of the gifts.

The rules which Froebel gives as guides for the practical application of these gifts show his fundamental thought. We are to present every object first as a whole, that the idea of unity may precede the idea of variety; we are to bring out the typical significance of the gifts by seeking their distinctive features in other objects; we are to concentrate attention on essential qualities, that the child may learn to separate the salient and permanent from the accidental and transitory; we are to show him the delusive changes wrought by motion to hint to him that things are not always what they seem; we must encourage him in building to transform one object into another, that he may prefigure continuity and historic growth; we must lead him in his constructions to individualize each separate element that he may see for himself how the highest unity implies and demands variety.

What is all this, I ask again, but aiding the child to that symbolic expression through which the race transformed blind instinct into conscious idea. To see the smallest application of a great truth, is to begin to know it as to feel a mother's love revealed in a mother's smile, is to be thrilled with a presentiment of the all embracing love of God.

Thus leading through sympathy to union with nature and with man; directing attention to the natural symbols of creative power, showing connections in the commonest things; hinting the hidden causes of visible effects; indicating organic processes; supplying typical objects; stimulating creative activity, suggesting through contrasts the constant under the variable, and through the use of organized material, illustrating the deepest truths Froebel guides the young mind to the knowledge of God. God is the *one* in whom the many find their explanation—the invisible and permanent cause of all visible and transitory things. To teach a little child that he is a spirit infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being is to darken the mind with an uncompre-

hended formula—to help him feel his pervading presence. Power and love is to awaken the reverence, which, with expanding knowledge, will culminate in devout insight. Primitive men knew only that there were vast powers which ruled the world. Philosophy was born when the mind grew clearly conscious that the source of all things must be *one*. Slowly through the centuries the idea gained concreteness, until in the fullness of time the complete revelation of God stirred to its depths the infinite spirit of man. As individuals, we must re-live each stage of the slow process. In our hearts, too, the light must dawn faintly and only gradually grow into the perfect day. Ever our baffled minds renew the old cry, "Touching the Almighty, I cannot find him out." Ever the divine voice renews the command, "Acquaint thyself with him and be at peace."

White light breaks into rainbow colors, and life's illuminating truth must be reflected in all life's aspects. The idea of unity is the center of all the concentric circles of life. We draw around it ever widening curves, until center and circumference merge in the infinite circle of absolute being.

Surrounding the individual are his "larger selves," the family, civil society, the state and the church. But for the family he would perish in helpless infancy, but for organized civil society his life would scarcely rise above the level of the brute; but for the state he would never learn to will rational deeds; but for the church his vague spiritual aspiration could never grow into conscious insight. Through participation in the organized thought and life of mankind the individual man attains to freedom. That he may fully enter upon his rich inheritance, he must have from his earliest years love for father and mother, sister and brother, a grateful sense of dependence upon those whose labor enriches his life, an enthusiastic sentiment of patriotism and a profound reverence for the sacred institution which guards the oracles of the most high.

That the significance of institutions may be foreshadowed to the feeling of the child, they, too, must be presented to him in symbolic forms. Immersed in his relationships he cannot comprehend them. Drifting with the current of the universal life he cannot measure its force. Borne aloft in the strong arms of humanity, he can gauge neither his own feebleness nor the strength of mankind. He needs to have his life made objective to him. Therefore, he loves the symbols which interpret him to himself, and in his eager play, pictures the life he longs to understand. The care of the mother bird for her young, thrills his heart with a faint consciousness of his own mother's love; his garden unlocks to him the life of the farmer; with sword and drum and flag, he imitates—that he may understand—the soldier, and with hands and fingers, representing the church, the steeple the door and all the good people, he grapples with a vague feeling of the connection between the church and the truth it symbolizes.

Froebel seized the hint given him by the child's instinctive play, and in a number of dramatic songs, reflects the social organism. Remote analogies satisfy the child's feeling better than exact representations, and it is easy for him to find in the many fingers on one little hand a symbol of the family in the unity of its varied members, the length of the middle finger is sufficient to mark it out as the representative of papa, while the little finger to the baby's mind appropriately symbolizes himself. In a number of finger exercises, Froebel has suggested the varied aspects of family life. Now, stretching out his little fingers, the child shows father, mother, sister, brother and baby himself; now clasping them together, he represents—

"How sunk in each others arms they lie,
Little brothers and sisters so peacefully."

And again, he indicates an extension of family relationships by showing with the thumbs and fingers of both hands how two grandmothers, with their respective grandchildren go to make each other a call.

I give the words of a song of which the children never tire, and which represents the love and care of the father and mother bird for their young.

The words and melody are, of course, interpreted by dramatic action. Five children stoop towards the ground, and with bent heads and arms clasped aroung each other's necks, make the bird's nest. Rapidly transforming themselves into baby birds they open wide their mouths for the food the father brings; then slowly extending their arms they show how the little ones are fledged, and at last, bidding the parent nest good-bye, fly rapidly through the forest represented by the other children.

"A little bird once made a nest,
Of moss, and hay and hair;
And then she laid five speckled eggs,
And covered them with care.

Five little birds were hatched in time,
So small, and bare, and weak;
The father fed them every day
With insects from his beak.

At last the little birds were fledged,
And strong enough to fly,
And then they spread their tiny wings,
And bid the nest good-bye.

There's many a little home like this,
Sheltered in every grove,
To teach us how to make our homes
Abodes of peace and love.

I have already referred to the games which represent the different activities of men, but it is obvious that they illustrate social dependence equally with organic processes. The same symbol may represent different phases of a generic thought, and thus, while all of Froebel's songs are pervaded by the idea of unity, particular songs have also subordinate meanings and applications. Civil society is foreshadowed in the games of the farmer, the miller, the baker, the carpenter, the joiner, the wheelwright and a host of others, and the two ideas kept prominently before the child's mind in all of them are, first, that he must be grateful for the varied work which loads his life with blessings; and, second, that "as all are for each so each must be for all," and he, too, must contribute his mite to the labor of the world. Even money, "the universal solvent," is not forgotten by Froebel. In the game of the target, after rep

resenting its construction, the child offers it for sale, and the following conversation occurs between the seller and buyer:

"What's there to pay?" "Three cents, I say!"
"Three cents to pay, too dear, I say."
One penny pays for the frame of the wood;
One penny pays for the little smooth board;
One penny pays for the work about it;
Who will not pay this may go without it.

The man who gladly gives up his life for his country is the ideal patriot. Hence, the soldier is the truest symbol of the State, and patriotic feeling is stirred in children's hearts by allowing them to represent soldiers. Marching, with drums and flags, to national airs, should be an occasional exercise in all Kindergartens, and the distinctive feature of the programme on all anniversaries of important crises in the nation's history.

There are some advocates of the kindergarten who object to the soldier games. I can only think they must have missed their symbolic significance, and associated them rather with the cruelty of war than with the heroism of patriotic self-sacrifice. The young mind feels not the horrors but the poetry of battle; the heart of the boy soldier thrills not with the idea of killing others, but with the lofty feeling that he, too, may be counted worthy to die for the state.

The following song, to which I add a part of Froebel's own commentary, will illustrate how he symbolizes the church:

"The light within the window gleams,
All through the little church it streams.
Behold the door is open now,
That all within the church may go.
And every one who enters there
To be attentive must prepare.
Now, hearken! While the organ's tone,
Through solemn isles is born along,
Lo, la, la!
And the bell upon the tower,
Calls in lovely tones the hour,
Bim, bam, baum!
The tuneful bell, the organ's swell,
Lo, lo, la, la!
Must every heart with rapture thrill,
Bim, bam, baum!"

"In playing this game, the fore arms held as straight up and down as possible, represent the door posts, and the hands turned towards each other unite to form a kind of arch, the four fingers of one hand are somewhat spread out over the four fingers of the other hand, and that represents a window over the door. The two thumbs stand up like bell towers."

All spontaneous expressions of the child's life are symbolic and point through outward appearance to inward ground. Hence, their charm and their touching significance.

What the child dimly anticipates and darkly and unconsciously seeks, is the unity veiled in the manifoldness of life. Because he *knows* it not, he often falters and fails in his search. Because he deeply *feels* it, all manifestations in which he recognizes it draw him with magnetic power. For this reason all assemblies of men have for him an irresistible attraction. He recognizes that a common thought is stirring many minds—a common feeling thrilling many hearts—and filled with a presentiment of the unity of mankind, he responds with sympathy to the uncomprehended idea. Where many are gathered together he loves to be, though he knows not in whose name nor for what cause they have assembled. Hence, the eager desire of the little child to be taken to church, and his enjoyment of the uncomprehended services. He is attracted not by what is said and sung, but by the feeling that all are singing the same song, and that in prayer and sermon all are swayed by the same thought. The community of mind and the mysterious spiritual power of participation are prophesied to his blind yet eager hope; he feels himself a member of the organic whole, and is startled by a presentiment of the total life."

Later he will want to know the meaning of what he has seen and heard. Moved by the pervading feeling he will wonder what it is. Quickened by the common thought he will aspire to comprehend it. Then, through the beauty of flowers and the glad life of birds, through the whisperings of the wind and the glory of the light, through the love of father and mother, and the voiceless longings of his own soul he may be pointed to God.

I have endeavored to present the system of Froebel from the standpoint of his own central thought. Let us briefly summarize the results attained.

I. The aim of the Kindergarten is to influence the total being of the child. It aids him to know, to feel and to follow the truth. It seeks to create mental and moral *tendencies*, and to stimulate a healthy and harmonious growth.

II. Recognizing the necessity of self activity, the Kindergarten trains the child's productive power through a wisely organized and suggestive material—recognizing the necessity of reverence it rouses this feeling by presenting the deepest truths of life in those symbolic forms which appeal to the heart and imagination of the child as they appealed to the unconscious sentiment of primitive man.

III. The key to Froebel's *aim* is found in his own emphatic words. "The law of all things is one, for God is himself the law." The key to his *method* is found in the parallel between the development of the individual and that of the race.

IV. Both idea and method find their ultimate interpretation in the process of thought. God, seeking his own reflection, creates man in his image; man beholding himself in the glass of nature, in the glass of history, and in the glass of his own action and products, struggles towards a complete self-consciousness.

Among the inspired utterances of a book whose wisdom we are still far from fathoming, we find two significant descriptions of the fool: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God—The fool foldeth his hands." Both kinds of folly curse the age in which we live. Against both Froebel urges us to guard the rising generation, preparing the children through spiritual presentiments for spiritual insight, and through the habit of creative work for lives o joyous activity and achievement.

SUSAN E. BLOW.

PREFACE

THE Kindergarten aims to reach the thought of the child through his affections and sympathies, and it excites these by appealing to his activities. It may be defined as an organized sequence of experiences, through which the child grows into self-knowledge, clear observation and conscious grasp of the whole circle of his relationships.

Realizing a hint of Goethe's, in the Pedagogic Province, to the effect that Music should be the center and starting point of education, the Method of the Kindergarten circles around the Songs and Games. The characteristic feature of these Songs and Games, considered as a whole, is that they express the same idea in Words, Melody and Motion, appealing thus to the thought, feeling and activity of the child.

But while sharing this one common feature, the Games fall into several distinct classes. Thus we have pure movement Games, which emphasize the Gymnastic element,—games adapted to develop and strengthen the various senses,—games which stimulate thought by piquing curiosity,—and finally, the Representative Games, whose aim is to make the child, from his cradle, a partaker, in the truest sense, of the life of Nature and of Man. The greater number of Froebel's own games belong to this last class, and of them alone I wish to speak.

What the child imitates, says Froebel, he begins to understand. Let him represent the flying of birds and he enters partially into the life of birds. Let him imitate the rapid movement of fishes in the water, and his sympathy with the fishes is quickened. Let him reproduce the activities of Farmer and Miller and Baker, and his eyes open to the meaning of their work. In one word, let him reflect in his play the varied aspects of life, and his thought will begin to grapple with their significance.

If there be any truth in this idea, it follows that the more varied the reflections of life in his plays the wider will be the reach of the child's awakened interests and sympathies. To mirror the totality of childish experiences and relationships was the aim of Froebel in his "Mother Play and Nursery Songs," a book which, in his own opinion, was the most complete embodiment of his educational idea. "He who understands what I mean by these Songs," said he in a conversation with the Baroness Marenholz, "knows my inmost secret." It is, therefore, a rather significant fact in the history of his system that this book has never been largely used, and that comparatively few of the Games it contains are played in the Kindergartens, either of Europe or America.

About three years ago, we began in St. Louis a very careful study of the "Mother Play and Nursery Songs." Taking up each Song separately, we aimed to read in it the real meaning of Froebel; and comparing the different Songs, we tried to abstract their unifying idea. At the same time, different Directors experimented with the Songs in their respective Kindergartens, in order to test their influence upon the children.

Two facts soon became evident:—first, that in order to the successful practical adaptation of the Songs, the Music to which they were set would have to be modified or entirely changed;—second, that a more complete method of interpretation, by gesture, would have to be discovered and systematized.

During the past year both these results have been realized by Mrs. Hubbard, Director of the Eads Kindergarten, and through her unselfish effort the children in all the St. Louis Kindergartens now enjoy playing the greater part of Froebel's own games in what, I am sure, is Froebel's own spirit. She has found Music wonderfully adapted to reflect the thought of the plays, and has translated both words and melody into the language of gesture. She has inspired the other Directors with her own enthusiasm, and has shown them how to find in these little plays a means for the true development of the children. To them particularly she now offers this collection of Songs, with the hope that through it the results attained may be made permanent. To the Games taken from the "Mother Play and Nursery Songs," she has added a number of others, all, however, inspired by its spirit; and I have no hesitation in saying that I consider her collection of Songs decidedly the best which has yet appeared in English, and one which no Kindergartener can use without soon wondering how she ever did without it.

SUSAN E. BLOW.

PREFACE TO THE IMPROVED, ENLARGED EDITION.

In placing before the public this new, enlarged and greatly improved edition of the "Merry Songs and Games," designed for use in the Kindergarten, also in the home circle, the author acknowledges gratefully the hearty and generous reception accorded the first edition. Practical experience, aided by the suggestions and contributions from those familiar with the work of teaching the young, has induced the author to revise and remodel the entire work, which will now be found thoroughly progressive in style, and highly interesting and entertaining to young and old This new edition is sent forth with the hope and expectation that its charming strains will find a responsive echo in the hearts and homes of the people, and be welcomed as a valuable adjunct by the teachers of the young.

My grateful acknowledgments are due to the following Authors and Publishers, for permission to make use of their Songs and Games. All the Finger Songs:—"Carpenter," "Joiner," "Brook," "Target," "Baker," "Wheelwright," "Five Knights," Birdie on the Wall," "Oh! See the Little Window Bright," "Barnyard," "Garden Beds," "Garden Gate," "Hasten to the Meadow, Peter." These Songs are taken from the book called "Mother Play," published by LEE & SHEPARD, of Boston, and for an explanation of these Songs refer you to this book. "Butterfly," "Polly," taken from "Young Folks' Opera," by same publishers.

Thanks to E. STEIGER, 25 Park Place, New York, for "A Little Bird Made a Nest," "Oh! See the Snow," "Jack Frost," "It is Lovely May," "Away Among the Blossoms."

Thanks to ELENORE HURWAITE, of London, for "See the Chickens," "Let us Form a Ring," "Who Taught the Bird," "See My Little Birdie's Nest." These Songs are taken from her collection of Songs in Music for the Kindergartens, published in London, by BOOSEY & Co. A beautiful explanation is given in the book of her Songs and Games.

I wish to apologize for using any Song or Game without permission, as I did not know where, or to whom, to write for same. I assure you any infringement is unintentional.

Respectfully, CLARA BEESON HUBBARD, ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOTE.—Great care should be taken by the Director in the preparation of the narrative connected with these Games, *gradually* to *lead* from one game to another; for instance, the "Farmer," on his return from the Mill, will turn his Horses into the "Barnyard," and then have the children name the different animals in a barnyard.

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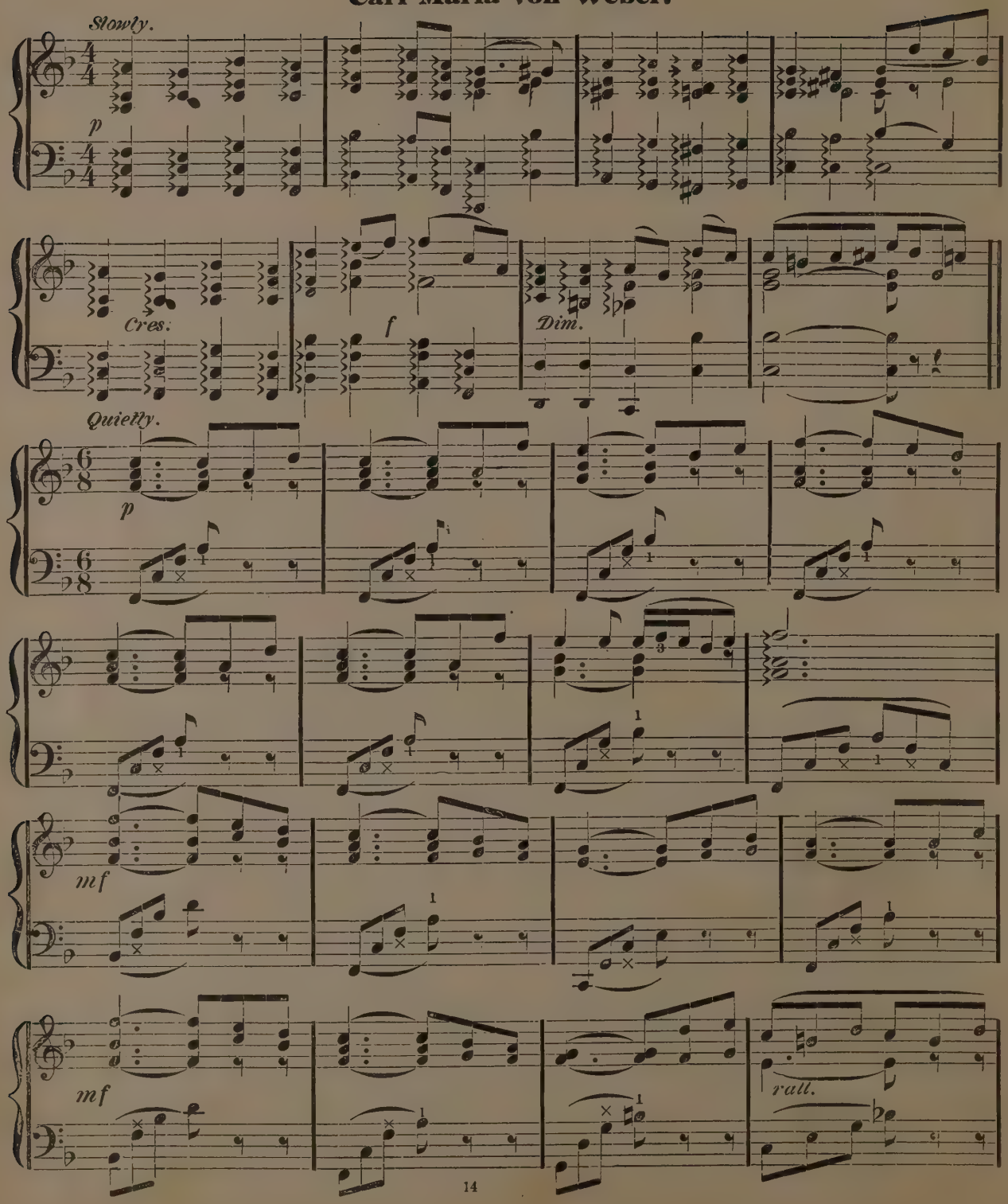
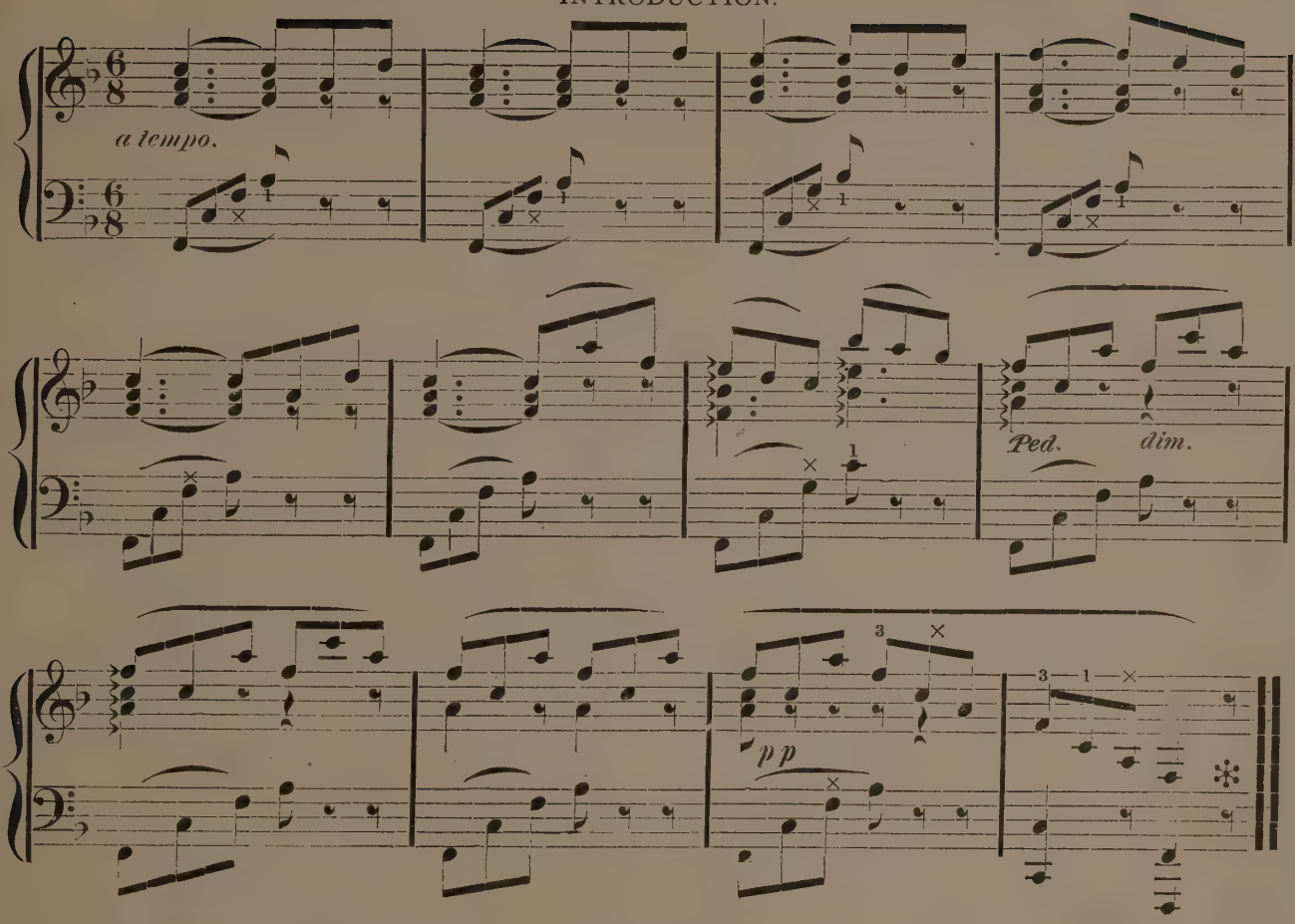
Introduction.

Arranged from

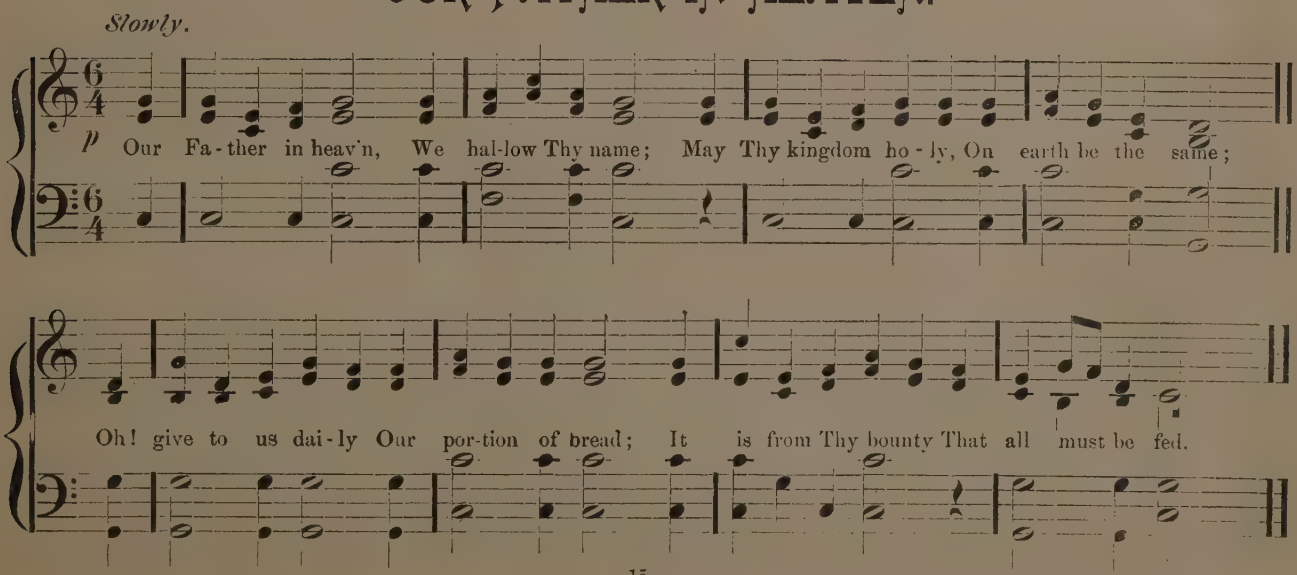
Carl Maria von Weber.



INTRODUCTION.



OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.



No. 2.
Moderate time.

THE GOLDEN RULE. (Opening Exercise.)

1. To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me, Will
2. I must not speak an an - gry word, I must not tell a lie, I

p

make me al - ways kind and good As chil - dren ought to be.
must not con - tra - dict or make My lit - tle play - mates cry.
The

gold - en rule, the gold - en rule, Oh! that's the rule for me, To

do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me.

GOOD MORNING, MERRY SUNSHINE.

No. 3.

Lively.

Good morn - ing, mer - ry sun-shine, How did you wake so soon? You've
I nev - er go to sleep, dear child, I just go round to see, My

p

scared the lit - tle stars a - way, And shined a - way the moon; I
lit - tle children of the east, Who rise and watch for me; I

saw you go to sleep last night, Be - fore I ceased my play - ing, How
wak - en all the birds and bees, And flow - ers on my way, And

did you get way o - ver here, And where have you been stay - ing.
last of all the lit - tle child, Who stayed out late to play. . . . . .

THE PRETTY MOON.

No. 4.

Lively but not too fast.

1. Oh, ! mother, how pret - ty the moon looks to-night, 'Twas nev-er so cunning be - fore; Its
2. We would call to the stars to keep out of the way, Lest we should rock o-ver their toes; And

two lit - tle horns are so sharp and so bright, I hope they won't grow an - y more; If
there we would sit till the dawn of the day, And see where the pret - ty moon goes; And

Gradually slower.

I were up there with you and my friends, We would rock in it nice - ly, you see,
there we would rock in the beau - ti - ful skies, Or thro' the bright clouds we would roam.

1st. time. | 2nd. time.

We would sit in the middle, And hold by both ends. Oh! what a bright cradle 'twould be.
We would see the sun rise, And see the sun set, And on the next rainbow come home.

GOOD MORNING KIND TEACHER.

No. 5.

Waltz time.

1. Good morning, good morning, kind teacher so dear, How glad - ly we greet you to all doth ap - pear, Our schoolmates, we welcome, each one with de - light, Our hearts are so hap - py, be - cause we do right.
2. Good morning, good morning, our dear little school, How hap - py we are in o - bey-ing each rule, For love is our mot - to, in work and in play, Then hur - rah! then hur - rah! for each hap - py day.

THUMBS AND FINGERS SAY "GOOD MORNING."

No. 6.

In this exercise, as you call the name, bring the object into action; at "good morning, good morning," all shake hands *lively*.

Moderato.

Thumb and fin - gers say "good morning" Thumbs and fin - gers say "good morning," First and mid - dle, ring re - ceiv - er, Least of all, good morn - ing, Good morn - ing, good morn - ing good morn - ing, good morn - ing, Good morn - ing, good morn - ing, good morn - ing to all.

TICK, TACK!

No. 7.

Rather lively.

To and fro, to and fro, Goes the pen - du-lum, sure and slow,

p

To and fro, to and fro, Goes the pen - du-lum, sure and slow.

p

So will I my arm in-cline, just in time, just in time, Beat by beat with forward back,

8va

p

Faster.

ev - er tick and ev - er tack. Tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack, Lit-tle clock saves me all care.

TICK, TACK!

Slowly.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack. Tells me when the right hours are, For eat-ing, for sleeping, for

f

play and all, For ris - ing and bathing, it sounds the call, Makes my heart beat pure and free,

8va

Keeps me strong and act - ive too, Beat by beat with for - ward back, ev - er tick and

8va 8va

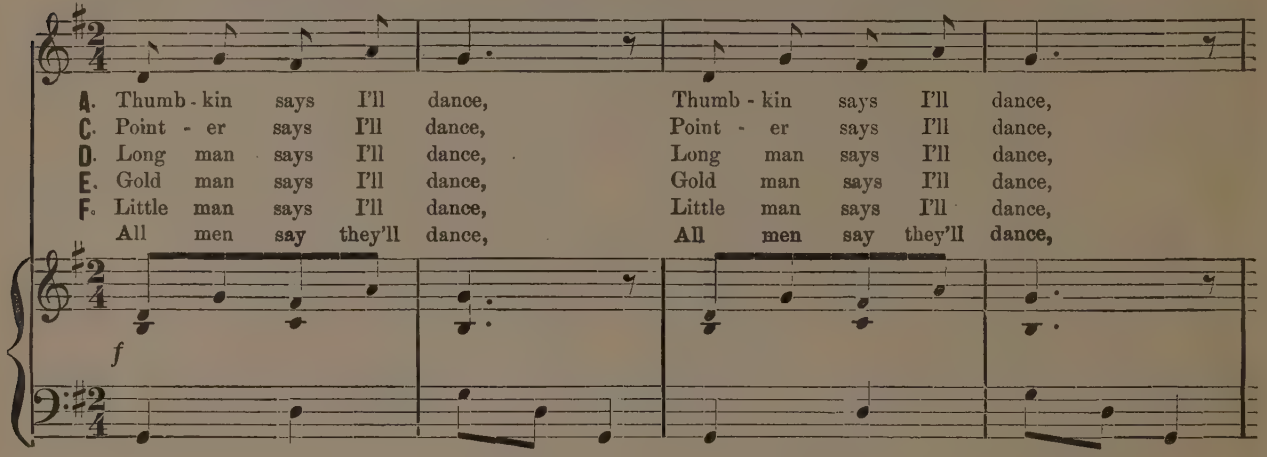
ev - er tack, Beat by beat with for - ward back, ev - er tick, and ev - er tack.

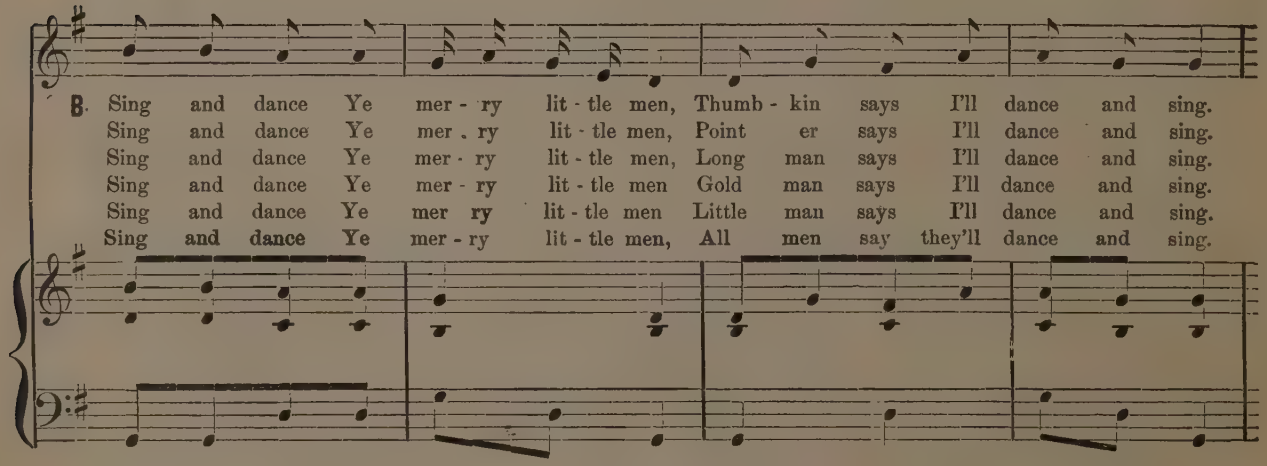
8va 8va

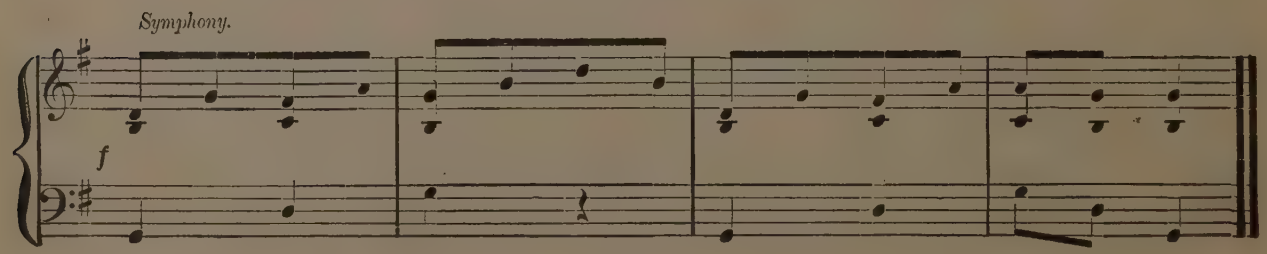
THUMBKIN SAYS I'LL DANCE.

No. 8.

(*A.*) Just the two thumbs, use them lively, (*B.*) All fingers and both thumos very lively, (*C*) Just the two first fingers, (*D.*) Just the two middle fingers. (*E.*) Just the third finger, (*F.*) Just the little finger, then make all your fingers dance lively,







No. 9.
Moderate time.

IN THE BRANCHES OF A TREE.

In the branch - es of a tree, Is a bird her nest pre-

mf

par - ing, Lay - ing in two lit - tle eggs, Com-ing out two lit - tle

birds, Call - ing their moth - er peep, peep, peep. Moth - er dear peep,

Moth - er dear, peep, You are much loved, peep, peep, peep, peep, peep, peep.

THIS IS THE MOTHER.
GOOD AND DEAR.

No. 10

(*A.*) Two thumbs. (*B.*) Two first fingers up straight. (*C.*) Two long fingers straight up. (*D*) Two third fingers straight up. (*E*) Two little fingers straight up. (*F.*) Raise both hands up, drawing a circle over the head with fingers spread.

Moderato.

A. This is the Moth - er, good and dear; **B.** This is the Fath - er, with hear - ty cheer;

p

a little slower.

C. This is the broth - er, stout and tall; **D.** This is the sis - ter, that plays with her doll;

Strictly in time. *Gradually slower.*

E. This is the lit - tle one, pet of all, **F.** Be - hold the good fam - i - ly, great and small.

No. 11.

DARY DEAR.

Not too fast.

1. Da - ry dear, your fin - gers hold, List - en 'till my sto - ry's told;
2. Lit - tle fin - ger, stands a - lone, Says the sweets are not our own;
3. Fin - ger third is full of fear Lest the *marks* of guilt ap - pear;

Thumb's a rogue and whis - per's come, Let us steal the sweets says Thumb!
Thumb says let *no* fin - ger say Where the sweets have gone to - day;
Lit - tle fin - ger cries for shame, I will tell where lies the blame.

Straight fore - fin - ger bends to hear; She is a rogue when Thumb is near;
Fin - ger four cries out no, no, Not a word from me shall go;
If you all are made to smart, With the rest I'll bear my part;

Sec - ond fin - ger says I'll go, Cries third fin - ger count me too.
Sec - ond fin - ger shakes her head, She would suf - fer death in - stead.
But I think that thro' and thro', Lit - tle fin - ger's right: "*don't you?*"

WHAT'S THIS?

No. 12

(*A.*) Point with right hand to left thumb. (*B.*) Point with right hand to left first finger. (*C.*) Point with right hand to left middle finger. (*D.*) Point with the right hand to left third finger. (*E.*) Point with the right hand to left little finger. (*F.*) Commence with both directly in front, and with each "yes," raise hands up and end with them both up over the head with a flourish

With energy and in strict time. *Tenderly.*

f

A. What's this? what's this? what's this? what's this? what's this? 1. This is a
2 This fin - ger

f

Forte.

lit - tle thumb that's round, It looks just like a plum that's round, B. And
doth the long - est show, And makes the mid - dle of the row, D. And

Lively. *Tenderly*

this? and this? and this? This lit - tle fin ger points the
this? and this? and this? This one the gold - en ring shall

Lively.

place, And straight it is, Yet bends with grace. C. And this? and this? and
wear, And like the gold is pure and fair. E. And this? and this? and

Tenderly.

this? This fin - ger is the least of all, And just com -
this?

Lively.

pletes the num - ber small. F. Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes!

TWO HANDS.

No. 13

(*A.*) Hands with thumbs hidden, (*B.*) Then fingers and thumbs (*C.*) Hold your hands facing each other. (*D.*) Have your hands bow to each (*E.*) Shake hands with each other. (*F.*) Rest your head on hands (gracefully.) (*G.*) Make a basket of your arms. (*H.*) Make a nest of your hands, (clasping) (*I.*) Arms stretched out from shoulder (flying) like a bird. (*J.*) One hand within the other—Make a pigeon house of hands and pigeons of fingers. (*K.*) Hands crossed at wrists, fingers move like little fishes—dart right and left. "for in the sparkling waters floating away." (*L*) Pat your hands. (*M.*) Left hand up, right hand points to middle of target. (*N.*) Fold hands, (*O.*) Bow to each other, (*P.*) Fingers together like a steeple, (*Q.*) Two thumbs—fingers down. (*R*) Form a church-door of fingers, thumbs going in, (*S.*) Fingers climb up, up, as far as you can get, (*T.*) Down and hide whole hand, (*U.*) Two thumbs out, (*V.*) Fingers out slowly, (*W.*) Hands together, (*X.*) Bow, (*Y.*) Facing each other,

A. Two hands there - on eight fin - gers are. **B.** Two thumbs the two grand-moth - er's are, They have

come to make each oth - er a call, 'tis long since they have meet at all **A.** They

bid each oth - er wel - come, oh! wel - come oh! wel - come, Such

bow - ings and such greet - ings, E. Such warm and ten - der meet - ings,

F. They talk as if they would nev - er rest, G. They tell of the bask-et, H. The eggs in the nest I. They
N. Now when they've view'd their plays all thro', O. They ask each oth - er what next they shall do, P. The

tell of the doves, J. And the pig - eon house, How they fly in and out in gay ca - rouse. K. They
fin - gers say, to the stee - ple we'll go, Q. But the lit-tle grand - moth - ers they say "No!" R. To the

tell of the lit - tle fish - es gay, In the spark-ling wa - ters float - ing a-way; L. The
church - door the Grand - moth - er goes, S. Up to the stee - ple the fin - gers climb. We

ba - ker and lit - tle pat - ty - cakes, M. The tar - get the good broth - er makes.
scarcely can see them by this time, So high, so high, so high they rise.

T. Now down they fall in a deep, deep hole, And the stee - ple I fear it has crushed the people, Oh!

no, it has on - ly crushed the house, U. Out - come the lit-tle Grand-moth - er loose, V. The

A little slower. *Gradually slower and slower.*

fin - gers too are not a - sleep, Out from the deep, deep hole they creep, W. And with

praise and X. thanks their voic - es chime Y. Will be more care-ful an - oth - er time.

GO TO SLEEP, LITTLE THUMB.

No. 14
Moderato.

OLD GERMAN AIR.

Go to sleep lit - tle thumb, that's one; Go to sleep pointing fin - ger, two;

p

Go to sleep mid - dle fin - ger, three; Go to sleep ring fin - ger, four;

Go to sleep lit-tle fin - ger, five; I'll take them, I'll take them snug - ly all in bed,

Sound a-sleep Let nought be said, Do not ear - ly wake them,

go to sleep. Tra la la la la la la la, tra la la la la la la, tra la la la la la la la,

tra la la la la, tra la la la la la la la, tra la la la la la la, tra la la la la la la la, tra la la la la.

No. 15.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Moderate time.

Lo! sunk in each oth - er's arms they lie, Dear broth-ers and sis-ters so grace - ful - ly, Lo!

p

sunk in each oth - er's arms they lie, Dear brothers and sis-ters so peace - ful - ly. All

tired a - like of work and play, They gath - er strength for an - oth-er day, All

tired a - like of work and play, They gath - er strength for an - oth - er day. But

Andante.

'ere they close their weary eyes, ... Their thoughts to their Cre - a - tor rise; The

p

source of life and all things dear, ... Father of all who art ever near. Then sleep dear children in

Slowly.

sweet repose, And soft - ly ev - 'ry eye doth close, For He who watch-ed all, He

Moderate time.

hear - eth ev - 'ry call, ... Then child of my heart do thou like the rest, And slumber and slumber by love caressed.

The first tempo.

p

Con 8va.

No. 16.

HIDING OF THE CHILD.

Moderate time.

Child of my heart, oh say! Where have you hidden away, Child of my heart, oh say! Where have you hidden away,

f

8va. *8va.*

Child of my heart, oh, say! Where have you hidden away, where have you, where have you, have you hidden a - way? I

f

8va. *8va.*

miss my dar - ling from my side, where is she now, where can she hide? I look in vain at

ev - 'ry turn, Oh! She's gone, she's gone, she's gone . . . . . where my child is, who can tell me,

8va

HIDING OF THE CHILD.

He with joy - ous thanks shall fill me, Where my child is who can tell me, He with joy - ous

thanks shall fill me, Oh! she is here, this child so dear, close to my heart I'll hold her near.

8va 8va 8va 8va 8va 8va 8va 8va

Oh! she is here, this child so dear, Close to my heart I'll hold her near, So thus in life we oft - en find

tr tr tr tr

To what is near - est we are blind, So thus in life we oft-en find, To what is near - est we are blind.

BIRDS.

LITTLE BROWN THRUSH.

No. 17.

Brisk.

1. There's a merry brown thrush Sitting up in the tree, He is singing to you, He is singing to me. And what does he say lit - tle girl, lit - tle boy! Oh! the world's running o - ver with joy, - - - Don't you hear? - - - don't you see? - - - Hush! look here, - - - In my tree; - - - - For I'm as hap - py as hap - py can be, For I'm as hap - py as hap - py can be.

2. And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see?" And five eggs laid by me, In the big cher-ry tree. Don't med-dle, don't touch, lit - tle girl, lit - tle boy! Or my world will lose some of its joy, - - - Now I'm glad, - - - now I'm free; - - - And I shall - - - Al - ways be, - - - - - If you ne'er will bring a - ny sor - row to me, If you ne'er will bring a - ny sor - row to me.

3. So the merry brown thrush Sings a - way in the tree, To you and to me, To you and to me. And he sings all the day, lit - tle girl, lit - tle boy! Oh! the world's running o - ver with joy, - - - Don't you hear? - - - don't you see? - - - Hush! look here, - - - In my tree; - - - - For I'm as hap - py as hap - py can be, For I'm as hap - py as hap - py can be.

THE SWALLOW.

No. 18.

Lively.

3. The old wood - peck - er is hard at work, A car - pen - ter is he, And

1. The swal - low is a ma - son, And un - der- neath the eaves, He
2. Of all the wea - vers that I know, The O - riole is the best, High

you can hear him ham - mer - ing His nest up - on the tree.

builds his nest and plas - ters it With mud, and hair, and leaves.
on the branch - es of a tree, He hangs his co - sy nest.

THE NAILOR.

No. 19.

Lively. *Moderately slow.*

1. Rap, rap, rap, rap, how the shing - les snap; Here a beam and
2. Nail, boys, nail, boys, nev - er mind the gale; Sun - ny skies, and
3. Rest now, rest now, all have done your best; All well done from

slower. *in time.*

there a tim - ber, Here a board so long and slen - der, Rap, rap, rap, rap,
win - try weather, Cheer - ful la - bor all to - geth - er, Soon our house we'll hail, hail,
floor to ga - ble, Wood - en shelf and kitch - en ta - ble, Rest now, rest now,

How the shingles snap.
Brisk - ly nail, boys, nail.
All have done your best.

THE TRADES.

ZISH! ZISH! ZISH!

No. 20

Lively.

Zish! zish! zish! The join - er planes to his wish.
Long! long! long! Plane - ing the bench so strong.

Makes the ta - ble smooth and good, Leaves no hole with - in the wood;
Planes un - til all white it grows, Planes 'till not a splin - ter shows;

Zish! zish! zish! The join - er planes to his wish.
Long! long! long! Plane - ing the bench so strong.

OH! SEE THE CARPENTER.

No. 21

Moderately fast.

Oh! see the car-pen- ter! all day he works away, The high is here brought low, The long is shor-ter now. The

crooked soon comes straight, The curve he maketh flat, All smooth he makes the rough, Is that not skill enough; Now

Ritard.

all must he combine, All parts together join, Just see what now he shows, From timbers the house now grows, A

Ritard.

house for my good child, Where dwell his parents mild, Who night and day attend him and from all harm defend him The

carpenter must love the child, A good protecting house to build, A house for my good child, Where dwell his parents mild.

THE CHARCOAL BURNER.

No. 22.

Moderate time.

The charcoal burn - er's hut is small; 'Twill scarce-ly hold two men in all, Yet in it

p

Slowly.

dwell in cheerful mood, The charcoal burn-er and son so good; They bring up the wood and to

f

char-coal they burn it, And in - to the wag - on the smith will then turn it, How could we our spoons knives and

8va 8va 8va 8va 8va 8va 8va 8va

forks, too, have made, And man - y things else we may dai - ly need. If the burn - er with black-ened

8va 8va 8va 8va 8va 8va

face and hair; Burned not the coal with pa - tient care. Come child and give the good coal-burner greeting; With-

8va 8va 8va

out thy good spoon, there's no plea - sure in eat - ing; Come child and give the good coal-burner greeting, With-

8va 8va 8va 8va 8va.

Slowly.

out thy good spoon, there's no pleasure in eating; And tho' in his face he may not be fair, We'll praise his good heart, for no

f

shad-ow comes there; And tho' in his face he may not be fair, We'll praise his good heart, for no shadow comes there.

8va

THE SHOEMAKER

No. 23.

Moderato.

1. As wan - der - ing up and down one day, I peep'd in a
2. O'er lasts of wood, his bits of leath - er, He stretches and
3. With his nice lit - tle awl, he mak - eth a hole, Right thro' the
4. So the cob - bler works thro' the wind, and weather, With his hammer and

win - dow just o - ver the way, And put - ting his nee - dle
fits and then sews to - geth - er, And put - ting his waxed ends
up - per and then thro' the sole, He puts in a peg, or he
awl and bits of leather, And what in the world would

through and through, There sat a cob - bler mak - ing a shoe.
through and through, And still as he stich - es his bo - dy goes to.
puts in two, And ha, ha, ha, ha, as he ham - mers them thro'.
you and I do, If there was no cob - bler to make us a shoe.

Solo or Duet.

Rap - a - tap, tap, and tic - a - ta - too, This is the way to make a shoe.

PAT-A-CAKE.

No. 24.

Rather slowly.

Now my child would have us bak - ing, Lit - tle cakes of her own mak - ing,

Pat the cake all smooth and broad, Bak - er says now all a - board.

Bring the lit - tle cake to me, Soon my o - ven cold will be.
Soon the cake will be done brown, Deep in the oven I'll shove it down.

Bak er here is the cake so fine, Bake it well for this child of mine.
Soon the cake will be gold - en brown, Deep in the o - ven I'll shove it down.

Soon the cake will be gold - en brown, Deep in the o - ven I'll shove it down;

Soon the cake will be gold - en brown, Deep in the o - ven I'll shove it down.

TARGET.

No. 25.

Rather slowly.

This piece of wood I length wise lay, This piece a - cross the o - ther way, Through

both I bore a good round hole, A wood - en nail drive through the whole;

This board will for the face a - vail, The tar - get is rea - dy now for sale.

One - half penny pays for the frame of wood, One half - penny pays for the smooth, round board; One

half - penny pays for the work, a - bout, Who can- not pay it may go with - out.

WHEELRIGHT.

No. 26. Circle.

Lively. *a little slower.*

1. Let us to the wheel-right go. Watch to see what he will do, See now see now, See what pains takes he,

Still slower.

See now, see now, see what pains takes he. Let the aug - ur go straight thro', Let the hole be smooth and true.

Now! 'tis rea - dy to his mind, To the ax - le may be joined, Now 'tis rea - dy to his

Lively.

mind, To the ax - le may be joined, Round it goes, now ev - er round, round, now round, now

ev - er round it goes, round it goes, now ev - er round, round, now round, now ev - er round it goes.

A BROOK IS FLOWING.

No. 27.

Gently.

A brook is flowing a-long the vale Tra la la la la la la, A

child would cross it, his heart doth fail, Tra la la la la la la,

Oh! brighter the flowers the other side seems, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Yet

In vain his eye wanders from tree-trunk to ledge, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Yet

finds he no way to get o - ver the stream, Tra la la la la la la,

Now comes the good Carpen- ter, builds the light bridge, Then o - ver and back he may go at his will, With

A little slower.

praise and with thanks to the Car - pen-ter's skill, He builds us the bridge to get o - ver the rill.

No. 28. *Majestic.*

STAR SPANGLED BANNER. (Old words and Cho.)

1. Oh! say can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
3. O, thus be it e'er when free - men shall stand Be -

proud - ly we hail'd at the twi-light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright
foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the
tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with vict - 'ry and

stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so
breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-
peace, May the heav'n res - cued land, Praise the pow'r that has made and pre-

gal - lant - ly stream - ing. And the rock - et's red glare, and bombs
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
served us a na - tion. Then con - quer we must, when our

burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream.
cause it is just, And this be our mot - to—"In God is our trust;"

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say does that star spang - led ban - ner yet wave, O'er the
'Tis the star spang - led ban - ner, Oh! long may it wave, O'er the
And the star spang - led ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave, O'er the

With 8va ad lib.

land of the free and the home of the brave.
land of the free and the home of the brave.
land of the free and the home of the brave.

No. 29. AMERICA or MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE!

NATIONAL HYMN.

Majestic.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our fath-er's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er-ty, To Thee I sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, Our King.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

No. 30.

March time

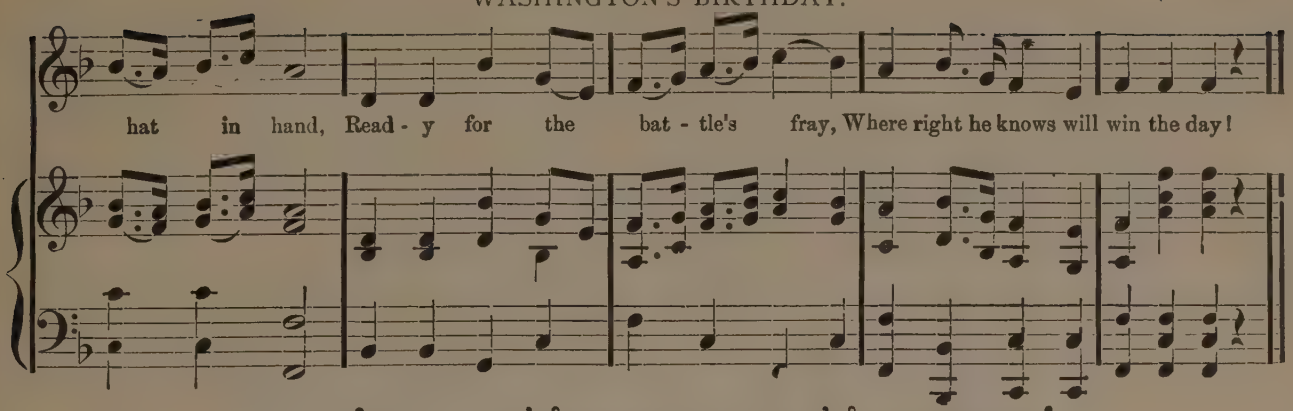
Wash-ing-ton, the sol-dier true, who won our land for me and you, Brave soldier! From each girl and boy Ac-

F.

cept our hearts of love and joy; Marching here in mer-ry glee; We'll be soldiers like to thee. Oh,

Washington, there is none like thee, Brave sol-dier! no-ble, gay and free; Oh, Wash-ing-ton! We

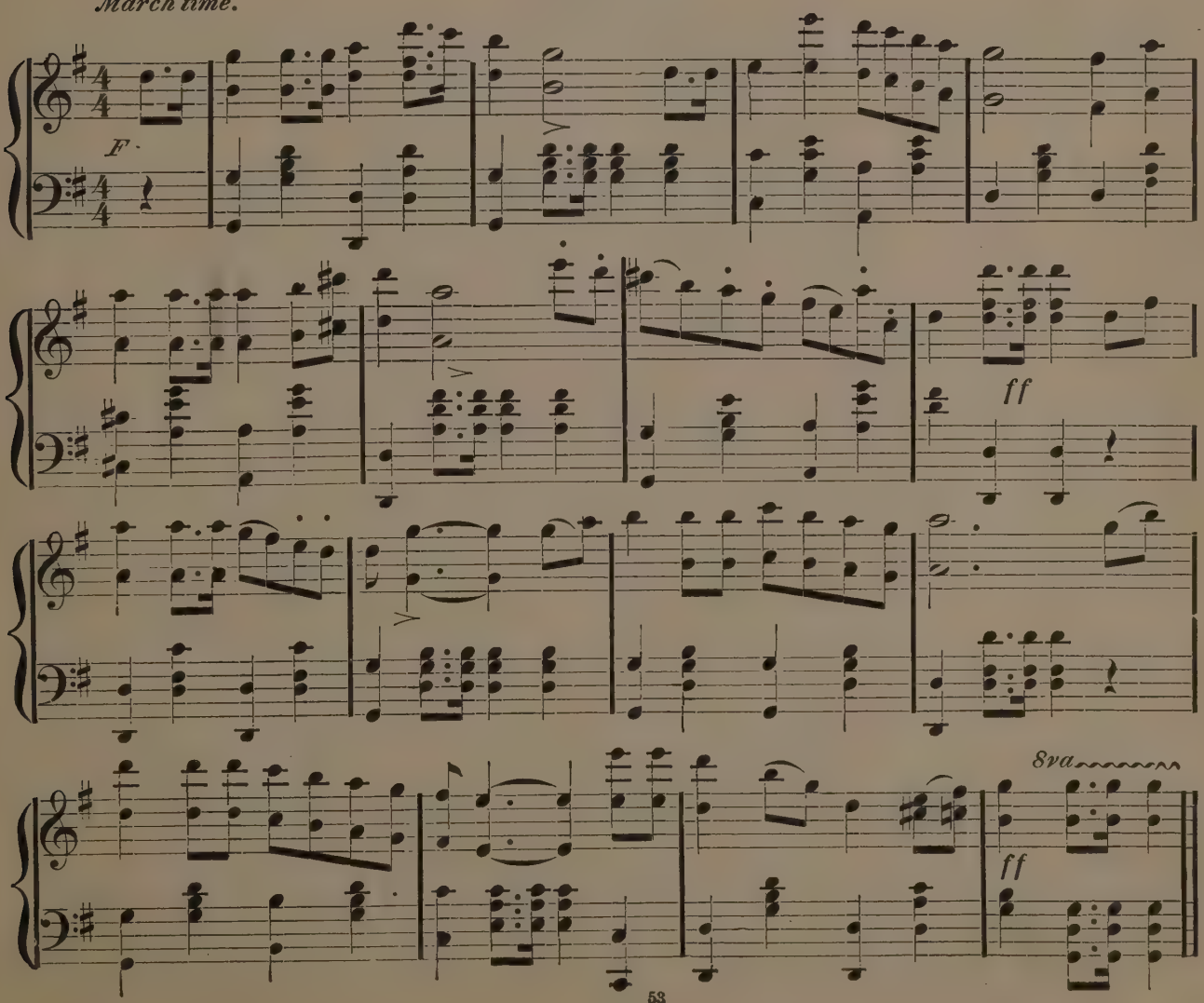
love thy name; Oh, Washington! We love thy fame. By his white horse, see him stand; Spur on heel and



No. 31. COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

MARCH.

March time.



FIVE KNIGHTS AND GOOD CHILD.

No. 32.

Maestoso.

1*st. time.*

Five Knights I see riding at a rap-id pace, With-in the court their steps, I trace,

2*d. time.*

steps I trace, What would ye now, fair Knights with me? We wish thy pre - cious

child to see; What would ye now, fair Knights with me? We wish thy precious child to see.

They say he is like the dove so good, And like the lamb of merry, merry mood, Then

wilt thou kind - ly let us meet him, That ten-der-ly our hearts may greet him.

Now the pre - cious child be - hold, Well he mer - its love un - told; Child, we

give thee greet - ings rare, This will sweet - en moth - er's care, Worth much

love the good child is, Peace and joy are ev - er his, Now we

will no long - er tar - ry, Joy un - to our homes we'll car - ry.

FIVE KNIGHTS AND BAD CHILD.

No. 33.

Maestoso.

1st. time.

Five Knights I see riding at a rap-id pace, With-in the court their steps, I trace,

2d. time.

steps I trace, What would ye now, fair Knights with me? We wish thy pre - cious

child to see; What would ye now, fair Knights with me? We wish thy precious child to see.

Slower.

Ah, friend - ly Knights, I grieve to say, I can-not bring him to you to - day.

His cries are so mo - rose and cross, That
Oh! such tid - - ings give us pain, No

all too small we find the house.
longer we sing a joy - ful strain.

Mark the rhythm well.

f

We'll ride a - way, we'll ride a - far, Where all the *good* lit - tle chil - dren

are, We'll ride a - way, we'll ride a - far, Where all the *good* little children are.

FIVE KNIGHTS AND GOOD CHILD.

No. 34.

Faster.

Five Knights in full trot are com - ing hith - er, They want my child, They would take him thith - er, Five

Knights in full trot are com - ing hith - er, They want my child to take thith - er,

Hide thee, child, oh! hide thee now, Where thou art they must nev - er know;

Hide thee, child, oh! hide thee now, Where thou art they must nev - er know.

Please, fair Knights, I pray you, Trot off and don't de - lay you,

Is it not now ver - y clear that my darl - ing's hid - ing here. . .

Is it not now ver - y clear, That my darl - ing's hid - ing here.

Hop, hop, hop, oh! hop, hop, hop, a - way now they go gal-lop, hop, hop, hop,

Now peep out and say "good day," Swift-ly trot the Knights a - way.

No. 35.

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

Slowly.

1. Je - sus bids us shine..... With a clear, blue light,.... ...
2. Je - sus bids us shine..... Then for all a - round,..... For

Like a lit - tle can - dle, Burn - ing in the night.....
man - y kinds of dark - ness, In the world are found..... There's

He looks down from Heav - en To see us shine.....
sin, there's want, there's sor - row, So we must shine,.....

You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.....
You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.....

OH! SEE THE LIGHT.

No. 36.

Slowly.

Oh! see the lit - tle win - dow bright, It fills the room with cheer - ful light,
It shines all day and makes thee gay, Be like the light so pure so bright.

a little faster.

Through the chequered window-pane, Streams the light of heaven again, It says I love to be with thee.

Peep, boo! peep, boo! Thou love - ly light; I hope your feel de - light in me,
Peep, boo! peep, boo! Thou love - ly light; Oh! much I love thy pre-sence bright.

Child, I've quick - ly sped to thee, From the great clear sun - set free.
Long the way yet seemed it short, While of my dear little child I thought.

Dear as sun - light is to thee Use it not too lav - ish - ly.

THE CHURCH BELL.

No. 37.

Slowly.

The light with-in the window gleams, All thro' the little church it streams, The

mf

Church bells.

light with-in the window gleams, Be-hold the door is op-en now, That

Adagio Religioso.

all within the church may go. . . . . And ev-'ry one who enters there, To be at-ten-tive

f alla chorale

Faster.

must pre-pare. Now hearken while the or-gan's tone thro' sol-emn aisles is

f

borne a - long. Now hearken while the or - gan's tone thro' sol - emn aisles is borne a - long.

Waltz time.

Tra la lay lo la lay Lo la lay lo la lay lo la lay

lo la lay lo la la lo lay. And the bell up - on the tow'r calls in

With 8va ad lib.

love - ly tones the hour, And the bell up - on the tow'r, calls in love - ly tones the hour.

Allegretto.

Ding a ding a dong bell, ding a dong a bell, Ding a ding a dong bell,

8va

ding a dong a bell, Ding a ding a dong bell, ding a dong a bell,

8va

Moderato.

ding a dong a dong bell, ding a dong a bell. The tune - ful

Grandly.

bell, the or - gan swell, must ev - 'ry heart with rapt - ure thrill.

Slowly.

No. 38.
Moderato.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

Christmas is com - ing, how hap - py are we, One of its joys is our Christ - mas tree,

p

La-den with gifts for Pa - pa and Ma - ma, Our time for - giv - ing, hur-rah, hur - rah,

Do - ing and giv - ing, here we are taught, Makes us strong, have you ev - er thought? It is

that, makes San - ta the hap - pi - est man, Since he gives and he does just *all* that he can.

No. 39. CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Spirited.

C. B. HUBBARD.

F We send a "Mer - ry Christmas" thro' the air, We send a "Mer - ry Christmas" ev - 'ry where.

Christ - mas Bells, Christ - mas Bells, Christ - mas voic - es on the breeze, We

wish you "Mer-ry Christmas" dear Ma - ma, We wish you "Mer-ry Christmas" dear Pa - pa.

No. 40. EASTER.

Joyfully.

1. "Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say; Raise your joys and
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Fought the fight, the vict - 'ry won; Jes - us' a - go-
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ has burst the gates of hell; Death in vain for-
4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Fol - low - ing our ex-alted head; Made like him, like

tri - umphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply, Sing ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply.
- ny is o'er; Dark-ness veils the earth no more, Dark-ness veils the earth no more.
- bids him rise; Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise, Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise.
him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

No. 41. *Cheerfully.*

SWEETLY THE BIRDS ARE SINGING.

Words by EMILY D. CHAPMAN.

1. Sweetly the birds are sing - ing At East-er dawn; Sweetly the birds are sing - ing
2. Birds! forget not your sing-ing At East-er dawn; Birds! for-get not your sing - ing
3. Buds! ye will soon be flow - ers, Cher - ry and white; Buds! ye will soon be flow - ers

At East - er dawn; Sweet-ly the bells are ring - ing On East-er morn.
At East - er dawn; Bells! be ye ev - er ring - ing On East-er morn.
Cher - ry and white; Snow-storms are changing to showers, Dark - ness to light.

Sweet - ly the bells are ring - ing On East-er morn. And the words that they say, On
Bells! be ye ev - er ring - ing On East-er morn. In the Spring of the year, When
Snow storms are changing to show'rs, Dark - ness to light. With the wak'ning of spring, Oh,

East - er day, And the words that they say, On East - er day, Are
Easter Is here, In the spring of of the year, When Easter is here, Sing } Christ, the Lord, is ris - en,
Sweet - ly sing, With the wak - ning of spring, Oh, sweet - ly sing, Lo!

f

Christ, the Lord, is ris - en, Christ, the Lord, is ris - en, Christ, the Lord, is ris - en.

No. 42.
Lively.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

J. G. WHITTIER.

1. O - ver the riv - er, and thro' the woods, To Grandfath - er's house we go,..... The
2. O - ver the riv - er, and thro' the woods, To have a first rate play,.....

f

horse knows the way to car - ry the sleigh, Thro' the white and drift - ed snow.....
Hear the bells ring, Ting - a - ling, ting, Hur - rah for thanks-giv - ing day.....

O - ver the riv - er and thro' the wood, Oh, how the wind does blow,..... It
O - ver the riv - er and thro' the wood, Now Grand-mother's cap, I spy!..... Hur-

stings the trees and bites the nose, As o - ver the ground we go.....
rah for the fun, is the pud - ding done, Hur - rah for the pump - kin pie.....

FROEBEL'S BIRTHDAY.

No. 43.

March time.

Oh, come to the woods and let us play, For 'tis our Froe-bel's

f

Birth - day, Oh, come to the woods and let us play.

For 'tis our Froe - bel's birth - day. Hur - rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, Hur-

Ped. ✻

rah, hur-rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah.

8va

Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻

FROEBEL'S BIRTHDAY.

Faster.

1. Oh! come to the grove with me . . . Where gai - ly the hours ad-
2. Oh! come where the sweet dai-sies grow, . . . Where birds gai - ly sing without

p

vance . . . Oh! come with foot - steps light and free, And join in my fes - tive
care, . . . Oh! come where the balm - y winds do blow, And but - ter-flies sport thro' the

dance, . . Oh! come to the grove with me, . . . Where gai - ly the hours ad-
air . . . . Oh! come where the sweet dai-sies grow, . . . Where birds gai - ly sing without

vance, . . . Oh! come with foot - steps light and free, And join in our fes - tive
care, ... Oh! come where the balm - y winds do blow, And but - ter - flies sport thro' the

dance..... Oh! come, Oh! come, Oh! come.....
air..... Oh! come, Oh! come, Oh! come.....

f

..... Oh! come to the for-est where gay birds are singing, Where Nature is dress'd in her
..... Oh! come to the for-est where streamlets are flowing, Where Nature is dress'd in her

8va

p

fresh - est ar - ray, The green leaf - y bow - ers with my en - twin - ing, Oh!
fresh - est ar - ray, The green leaf - y bow - ers Where sunlight is glow-ing, Oh!

come to the for - est a - way, ... Oh! come, for 'tis Froebel's birth - day . .
come to the for est a - way, ... Oh! come to our Froebel's birth - day . .

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

PANSIES.

No. 44.

Waltz time

1. O - pen your eyes, my Pan - sies sweet, O - pen your eyes,
2. O - pen your eyes, my Pan - sies sweet, O - pen your eyes,
3. O - pen your eyes, my Pan - sies sweet, O - pen your eyes,
4. Whis-per to me, my Pan - sies sweet, Tell me, oh tell me in

o - pen for me; Where did you get that pur - ple hue,
o - pen for me; Did a lit - tle sun - beam bold,
o - pen for me; Driv - ing a - way with face so true,
rust - ling low; Then as I bend with list - 'ning ear,

Symphony.

Did a cloud smile as you came through.
Kiss on your lips that tint of gold.
The chil - ly winds, and win - t'ry hue.
Your cheerful voice I plain - ly hear.

SUPPOSE A LITTLE COW-SLIP.

No. 45.

Moderato.

1. Sup - pose a lit - tle cow - slip should hang on its gold - en cup, . . . And
2. Sup - pose a glist'-ning dew - drop up - on the grass should say, ... What
3. Sup - pose the lit - tle bree - zes up - on a sum- mer's day, ... Should

p

say I'm such a ti - ny flower I'd bet-ter not grow up, How ma-ny a wear - y
can a lit - tle dew - drop do, I'd bet-ter roll a - way; The blade on which it
think themselves too small to cool the traveller on his way, Who would not miss the

tra - vel - ler should miss its fragrant smell, . . . How ma-ny a lit - tle child would grieve to
rest - ed be - fore the day was done, ... With - out a drop to moist - en it would
small - est, the soft - est ones that blow, . . . And think they make a great mis - take if

Symphony.

lose it from its dell. . .
with - er in the sun. . . .
they were talk - ing so. . . . .

f

FORGET-ME-NOT!

No. 43.

Moderato.

When to flow'rs so beau - ti - ful The Fa - ther gave a name, Back came a lit - tle
Dear Lord the name Thou gav - est me A - las I have for - got, The Fa - ther kind - ly

Fine.

blue-eyed one, All tim - id - ly it came. And stand-ing at the Fa-ther's feet, And
looked on him, And said For - get - me - not.

D.C. al Fine.

gaz - ing on his face It said with meek and tim - id voice, Yet with a gen - tle grace:

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

No. 4.

Lightly.

1. Buttercups and dai - ses, Oh! the pretty flowers, Coming ere the springtime To tell of sun-ny hours.
2. Ere the snow-drop peepeth, Ere the crocus bold, Ere the ear - ly primrose Opes its pa - ly gold.
3. Welcome yellow buttercups, Welcome daises white, Ye are to my spir - it, Beauty and de - light.

While the trees are leaf-less, While the fields are bare, Buttercups and dai ses fine, Spring up here and there.
Somewhere on a sunny bank, But - ter cups are bright, Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass Peeps the dai - ses white.
Com-ing ere the springtime. Of sunny hours to tell, Speaking to our hearts of Him "Who doeth all things well."

AWAY AMONG THE BLOSSOMS!

No. 48.

1. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way a - mong the blossoms, A - way, a - way, a -
2. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way a - mong the blossoms, A - way, a - way, a -
3. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way a - mong the blossoms, A - way, a - way, a -
4. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way a - mong the blossoms, A - way, a - way, a -

way, The sum - mer time has come, We hear the sing - ing wa - ters, We
way, The mer - ry birds are there, We hear the cho - rus ear - ly, 'Tis
way, The dai - ses are all bright, And in the dew - y meadows, The
way, The hap - py world is ours, Then praise our heav'n-ly fath - er, Whose

hear the in - sects hum, We hear the sing - ing wa - ters, We hear the in - sects
thrill - ing on the air, We hear the cho - rus ear - ly, 'Tis thril - ling on the
clo - ver - tops are white, And in the dew - y mea - dow, The clo - ver - tops are
smile is on the flow'rs, Then praise our heav'n-ly fath - er, Whose smile is on the

hum, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way.
air, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way.
white, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way.
flow'rs, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way.

THERE IS A BROOKLET.

No. 49.

Moderato.

There is a brook-let just o - ver the way, With the but - ter - cup blos-soms at

mf

pp

play..... Running be - tween them and laughing all day,

Play with our dear lit - tle flow - ers who may, There was a lit - tle bird

up in a tree, Teach - ing her bird - ies to say chee, chee;

THERE IS A BROOKLET.

This means in En - glish, "how hap - py are we," Near - er to hea - ven we'll be . . . . . .

Faster.

Fly lit - tle bird - ies oh, fly a - way.

8va

f *p*

Fly lit - tle bird - ies so mer - ry and gay, Fly lit - tle bird - ies oh,

8va

fly a - way, Fly lit - tle bird - ies so mer - ry and gay.

8va

THERE IS A BROOKLET.

There was a lit - tle bee, fresh from the hive, Tru - ly the bus - i - est fel-low a-

live, Help-ing him - self to the sweets that he lacks, Beg-ging the blossoms for

cres.

wax..... Buzz buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz,

cres. *p*

buzz, buzz, buzz; Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz,

THERE IS A BROOKLET.

buzz, buzz, buzz, There was a lit - tle child pas - sing who heard, The song of the brook-let and car - ol of

mf

bird, Smil'd on the bee as he buzz'd on his way, I will be hap - py as they.....

f

Slowly.

There was a lit - tle child pas-sing who heard, The song of the brook-let and car - ol of bird.

p p

Smil'd on the bee as he buzz'd on his way, I will be hap - py and bus - y as they.

LOVELY MAY.

No. 50.

Lively.

1. All the birds and bees are sing-ing, All the lil - y - bells are ring-ing, All the brooks are
2. Look my children, look the meadows, When the sun-shine chas - es shadows, Are a - live with
3. See the fair blue sky is brighter, And our hearts with hopes are light-er, All the bells of

full of laugh-ter, And the wind come whispering af - ter. What is this the flow - ers say?
fai - ry fa - ces Peep - ing from the grass - y pla - ces. What is this the flow - ers say?
joy are ring - ing, And our grate - ful voi - ces sing - ing. What is this the flow - ers say?

Very soft. *Slower.*

Wbat is this the flow - ers say? What is this the flow - ers say? It is love - ly
What is this the flow - ers say? What is this the flow - ers say? It is love - ly
What is this the flow - ers say? What is this the flow - ers say? It is love - ly

Much slower.

May; The flow - ers say 'tis love - ly May, love - ly, love - ly May.
May; The flow - ers say 'tis love - ly May, love - ly, love - ly May.
May; The flow - ers say 'tis love - ly May, love - ly, love - ly May.

IT IS LOVELY MAY.

No. 51.
Sprightly.

1. Spring once said to the night - in - gale I mean to give you birds a ball
2. Soon they came from each bush and tree, Sing - ing sweet - est songs of glee,
3. The wren and wood - peck-er danc'd for life The raven waltz'd with the yel - low bird's wife, The
4. The woodpecker came from his hole in the tree, And presented his bill to the com - pa - ny.
5. They danc'd all day till the sun was low, Then the mother birds all pre - par'd to go, When

Pray mad-am ask the bird - ies all, The birds and bird - ies great and small;
Soon they came from each co - sy nest, Each one dress'd in his Sun - day best;
awk - ward owl and the bash - ful jay, Wish'd each oth - er a very good day;
Ber - ries ripe and cher - ries red, 'Twas ver - y large bill the bird - ies said;
one and all both great and small, Flew home to their nests, from the bird - ies ball;

Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la,

tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la la la la.

No 52. *Rather lively.*

MAYPOLE SONG!

See our May-pole filled with flow-ers, Gath-ered from the love-ly bow-ers,

mf

Fra-grance rich, and per-fume rare, Tell us from the world so fair,

Vio-lets pur-ple, dai-sies white, You are here for our de-light;

Ros-es speak to chil-dren too, Tell them to be kind and true;

MAYPOLE SONG!

What, is this the flow - ers say? What, is this the flow - ers say?

What, is this the flow - ers say? It is bright May day.

This, is what the flow - ers say, This, is what the flow - ers say,

This, is what the flow - ers say, It is bright May day.

POLLY.

No. 53.

1. Pret - ty bird with plum - age gay, Tinged with bril - liant green and red,
2. Here's a lump of su - gar sweet, Hun - gry bird he asks for more,
3. Please now talk of some - thing else, Tell us of that land so far

With your bright and spark - ling eyes, And your sau - cy, nod - ding head;
What a shame that all this day, He has not been fed be - fore;
Where in wav - ing for - est dark All your friends and kin - dred are,

O - pen that queer, crook - ed beak, For we want to hear you speak,
On his perch he swings a - round, Hangs his head down to the ground,
Fly - ing swift from bough to bough, Would you like to be there now?

Pol - ly wants a crack - er, pret - ty Poll, Hav'nt you had a - ny food at all?
Pol - ly wants a crack - er, pret - ty Poll, Pol - ly I have given you *ten!*
Pol - ly wants a crack - er, on the shelf You may sit and help your - self.

OVER FIELD AND MEADOW.

No. 54.
Moderato.

1 O - ver field and mead - ow Where the dai - sies grow,
2. How can I be lone - ly Where the lamb - kins play,

Up and down I wan - der, Sing-ing as I go. They who see me
Where the brooks are danc - ing, Sing-ing all the way. How can I be

rov - ing, Think me all a - lone, But the birds are with me,
lone - ly, On the sun - ny banks, While the murmuring wa - ters

Hark! their mer - ry tunes. Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la,
Raise a song of thanks, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la,

Tra la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la. la la.

WAKE! SAYS THE SUNSHINE.

No. 55.
In March time.

1. Wake! says the sun - shine, 'tis time to get up! Wake! pret - ty dai - sy and sweet but - ter - cups Wake! says the sun - shine, 'tis time to get up! Wake! pret - ty dai - sy and sweet but - ter-cup, Why! you have been sleep - ing the
2. Wake! says the stream-let, we've lain here so still, Wake! we must all go to work with a will. Wake! says the warm breeze, and you wil - low tree! Come! put on your robe in a twinkling for me. Why! you have been sleep - ing the
3. Wake! says the air from the blue sky a-bove Wake! for the world is all beau - ty and love. Come! lit - tle chil - dren so mer - ry and dear! What were the spring-time if you were not here. Why! you have been bus - y the

whole win - ter long, Hark! don't you hear the blue bird's first song?
whole win - ter long, Hark! don't you hear the blue bird's first song?
whole win - ter long, Hark! don't you hear the blue bird's first song?

Vivace.

Tra la la la la la tra la la la la la tra la la tra la la tra la la la la
Tra la la la la la tra la la la la la tra la la tra la la tra la la la la
Tra la la la la la tra la la la la la tra la la tra la la tra la la la la

Con 8va ad lib.

Tra la la la la la tra la la la la la tra la la tra la la tra la la.
Tra la la la la la tra la la la la la tra la la tra la la tra la la.
Tra la la la la la tra la la la la la tra la la tra la la tra la la.

No. 56.

BIRDS.

Birds must fly.

MISS McC.

Moderato.

1. Tra la la la there's joy in the air.....
2. Now, let me see how you'r on the wing.....
3. Ah! see the sun is low in the west.....

p

This world, so bright,..... so free from care, Our
Bird - ies must fly,..... be - fore they can sing, Now
Our bird-lings a - way,..... so far from the nest,

bird - lings are read - y, to leave ..... their nest,
straight - en your wings, you each ..... have a pair,
Ah! here they come how tired ..... they fly,

BIRDS MUST FLY.

To use their wings, we'll show them our best. Come, bird-lings
Now up and down we sail through the air, Tra la la,
Home to their nest and their sweet lul - la - by, Tra la la,

come, now fol - low me, I straight - en my back, . . . do
la ve - ry soft-ly at first Birds who sing sweet - ly
la la la la la Ah! here they come, how

you all see? Then fold my wings no trou - ble is
al - ways sing first. Ve - ry well done, you may now fly a-
tired they fly? Tra la la la la la la la

found, In hop - ping a - long on this smooth, turf - y ground.
way, Be sure you re - turn ere the close of the day.
la, Home to their nest and this sweet lul - la - by.

THE CUCKOO.

No. 57.

Moderato.

Cuck - oo, cuck-oo, cuck - oo, cuckoo, cuckoo, The cuck - oo now is call - ing, His

mf *p*

notes on the ear are fall - ing, *Faster.* Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,

pp

cuck - oo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuck - oo, ... cuck - oo, Oh,

Moderato.

now has my child the cuck - oo spied, How quick with the cuck-oo the moments glide, The

mf

THE CUCKOO.

Faster.

lit - tle bird was all a - lone, But now un - to my child has flown ; Cuckoo,

cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,

cuck-oo,..... cuck - oo, The cuck-oo, the cuck - oo, the cuck - oo, the

accellerando.

cuck - oo, the cuck - oo, the cuck - oo, the cuck - oo, cuck - oo,

8va

No. 58.
Waltz time.

BIRD SONG. (I'm a Robin.)

1. I'm a rob - in, I'm a rob - in, So fear - less and true, I am bus - y, I am hap - py Be the sky dark or blue, Like me let the chil-dren Be brave and be gay, If cloud or if sun -light, Spread ov - er your way.
2. I'm an ori-ole, I'm an ori - ole, My nest hangs on high; When the soft winds are sing-ing A sweet lul - la - by; We will rock in our cra - dle, My bird - ies and I, And we will be hap - py, So hap - py on high.
3. Who can tell me, Who can tell me The name of the bird? Who sings sweet-ly and soft - ly, I know you have heard; Who can tell me, who can tell me The name of the bird, Who sings sweet - ly and soft - ly, I know you have heard.
4. A ca - na - ry, A ca - na - ry, Is the name of the bird Who sings sweet-ly and soft - ly, Yes, we have all heard, A ca - na - ry, a ca - na - ry, To the name of the bird, Who sings sweet - ly and soft - ly, Yes, we have all heard.

p

8va *8va*

5. I'm a parrot, I'm a parrot,
From over the sea,
Where the orange tree blossoms,
My home used to be.
Where the birds in their beauty,
Are bright as the flowers,
Where the south winds blow
Lightly, through long summer hours.

6. I'm a blue bird, I'm a blue bird,
And early in spring,
From boughs that are leafless,
So blithely I sing.
Right close to your window
My nest I have made;
If you will protect me,
I'll not be afraid.

DOWN IN THE BUTTERCUP MEADOW.

No. 59.

Moderately fast.

1. Way down in the but - ter - cup mea - dow, I saw a white bah sheep at play, . . . And
2. In the orchard up in the old pear - tree, There were five lit - tle birds in a nest, ... Willie
3. The last time I played in the gard - en, There was just one red rose to be seen, . . . But to
4. Last night I looked out of the win - dow, Just be - fore I re - peat - ed my prayers, And the

close by her side in the clo - ver, A dear lit - tle lamb was at play, ... Does the
says they be - long to the ro - bin, That wears a red bib on his breast, . . . In
day there's a ti - ny pink rose bed, Wrapped up in a blanket of green, ... Does the
moon with a star close be side her, Was walking high up in the air, ... Did

sheep, mam-ma, love her white lam - kim, Just as you love me, say mam - ma say? Does the
all this great wide world of bir - dies, Does she love her own bir - dies the best, Yes in
rose want to kiss ba - by rose - bud, When she tries so far o - ver to lean? Yes the
God make the lit - tle star ba - by, Cause the moon was so lone - ly up there? Did

sheep, mam-ma, love her white lamb - kin, Just as you love me, say mam-ma say?
all this great wide world of bir - dies, She loves her own birdies the best.
rose wants to kiss ba - by rose - bud, When she tries so far o - ver to lean.
God make the lit - tle star ba - by, Cause the moon was so lone - ly up there.

WHAT DO BIRDIES DREAM.

No. 60.

Gently.

1. Oh! what do bird - ies dream of, Oh! what do bird - ies dream of? Flow - ers and leaves, And waving wheat,
2. Oh! what are bird - ies proud of, Oh! what are bird - ies proud of? Soft lined hou - ses on the tree,
3. Oh! what do bird - ies sing of, Oh! what do bird - ies sing of? Morn - ing dew drops pearl - y fair,

Brooks and birds and moss - es sweet, Nooks all hid - den from the heat, Lit - tle bird - ies dream of.
Ba - by bird - ies one, two, three, These my pet you still may see, Lit - tle bird - ies dream of.
Sun - shine rip - pling down the air, Heav'ns rich beauty ev'ry where, Lit - tle bird - ies sing of.

WHO TAUGHT THE LITTLE BIRD.

No. 61.

Moderately fast and tenderly.

1. Who taught the bird to build her nest, Of wool, and hay, and moss, Who taught her how to
2. Who taught the lit - tle ant the way, Its nar - row nest to weave, And thro' the pleasant

weave it best, And lay the twigs a - cross, Who taught the bus - y bee to fly, A-
sum - mer day, To gath - er up its leaves? 'Twas God who taught them all the way. And

mong the sweet - est flow'rs, And lay her store of hon - ey by, To last in win - ters hours?
gave their lit - tle skill, He teach - es children when they pray To do his ho - ly will.

OH! BIRDIE DEAR.

No. 62.

Rather slowly.

1. Oh! bir - die dear, oh! bir - die dear, Oh! bir - die on the wall.
   Oh! bir - die dear, oh! bir - die dear, Be still now while I call.

2. Oh! bir - die dear, oh! bir - die dear, Oh! bir - die on the wall.
   Oh! bir - die dear. oh! bid - die dear, Be still now while I call.

D.C. then Coda.

You must not fly a - way so, And dance a - bout and play so.
The lit - tle bird is formed of light, And can - not be held in the fin - gers tight.

Coda after second verse.

It flies on the wall just to please the sight, It gives thy heart de - light.

THE SWALLOW.

No. 63.

Lively.

3. The old wood - peck - er is hard at work, A car - pen - ter is he, And

1. The swal - low is a ma - son, And un - der- neath the eaves, He
2. Of all the wea - vers that I know, The O - riole is the best, High

you can hear him ham - mer - ing His nest up - on the tree.

builds his nest and plas - ters it With mud, and hair, and leaves.
on the branch - es of a tree, He hangs his co - sy nest.

CHRIS-CRADLE SINGS.

No. 64.

Lively.

1. Tell me how Chris - cra - dle sings, Bird - ie sweet with bright, brown wings;
2. What is the whip - poor - will's sad song, Heard in the sum - mer all night long?
3. Sing me the notes of the whistling quail, Sounds o'er mea - dow, hill and vale;
4. What does the Robin red - breast say, Wak - ing up at dawn of day?
5. What does the sau - cy Kill - deer cry, Chas - ing the hawk a - cross the sky?
6. What is the brave little snow - birds sound, When snow lies deep on the froz - en ground?
7. What do the little birds do at night, When the sun in the west sinks out of sight?

Waltz time.

She sings her song, all sing with me, Chris - cra-dle, chris - cra - dle and Saint Ma - rie. Oh!
Oh. my poor wife has gone to mill, She will whip-poor- will, she will whip poor - will, Oh!
Oh, Ro- - bert White 'twill rain to - night; More wet, more wet, Bob White, Bob White, Oh!
Cheer - up, cheer - up, cheer - up, chee chee, Ripe cher-ries, ripe cher-ries, oh! quick, quick, here, Cheer
He drives the hawk as he flies in fear, And he sings, Kill - deer, Kill - deer, Kill - deer, He
Oh! naught for the winds and snow cares he, Chick-a - dee, chick-a - dee, chick-a - dee, dee, dee, Oh.
Heads under their wings, they go to sleep, And the last they say is peep, peep, peep, peep, peep, Heads

sing her song, all sing with me, Chris - cra - dle, Chris - cra - dle and Saint Ma - rie.
my poor wife has gone to mill, She will whip-poor - will, She will whip - poor - will.
Ro - bert White 'twill rain to - night, More wet, More wet, Bob White, Bob White.
up, cheer up, Oh! chee, chee, chee, Ripe cher - ries, ripe cher - ries, Oh! quick, quick here.
drives the hawk as he flies in fear, And he sings Kill - deer, Kill - deer, Kill - deer.
not for the wind and snow cares he, Chick-a - dee, chick -a - dee, chick- a - dee, dee, dee.
under their wing they go to sleep, And the last they say is peep, peep, peep, peep, peep,

BUSY CHILDREN.

No. 65.

Moderately lively.

1. Plant-ing the corn and po-ta - toes, Helping to scatter the seed, ... Feeding the hens and the chick - ens, Freeing the garden from weeds; . . . . Driving the cows to the pas - ture, Feeding the horse in the stall, ... We lit-tle children are bus - y, Sure there is work for us all . . . . We lit-tle children are bus - y, Sure there is work for us all. . . .
2. Spreading the hay in the sun - shine, Raking it up when 'tis dry, ... Picking the apples and peach - es, Down in the Orchard close by; . . . . . Picking the grapes in the vine - yard, Gath-er ing nuts in the fall, ... We lit-tle children are bus - y, Sure there is work for us all, ... We lit-tle children are bus - y, Sure there is work for us all. . . .
3. Sweeping and washing the dish - es, Bringing the wood from the shed, ... Ironing, and sewing, and knit - ting, Helping to make up the bed; . . . . . Tak-ing good care of the ba - by, Watching her lest she should fall, ... We lit-tle children are bus - y, Yes, there is work for us all, ... We lit-tle children are bus - y, Yes, there is work for us all. . . .
4. Work makes us cheerful and hap - py, Makes us both ac tive and strong, ... Play we en-joy all the bet - ter, When we have labor'd so long; . . . . . Glad-ly we help our kind pa - rents, Quickly we come at their call . . . . . Children should love to be bus - y, Children should love to be bus - y, Yes, there is work for us all, ... Children should love to be bus - y, Yes, there is work for us all. . . .

SWING, CRADLE SWING.

No. 66.

Slowly.

DUETT.

1. Ba - by is a sail - or boy, Swing, cra - dle swing; . . .
2. Snow - y sails and pre - cious freight, Swing, cra - dle swing; . . .
3. Lit - tle eye - lids down - ward creep, Sleep, ba - by sleep; . . .

Sail - ing is the sail - or's joy, Swing, cra - dle swing. . . .
Ba - by's Cap - tain, mam - ma's Mate, Swing, cra - dle swing. . . .
Now he's in the cove of sleep, Sleep, ba - by sleep. . . .

CHORUS.

Swing . . cra - dle, swing . . cra - dle, Swing cra - dle swing, ...
Swing . . cra - dle, swing . . cra - dle, Swing cra - dle swing, ...
Sleep ba - by, sleep . . ba - by, Sleep ba - by sleep, ...

Swing cra - dle, swing cra - dle, Swing cra - dle swing. . . . .
Swing cra - dle, swing cra - dle, Swing cra - dle swing. . . . .
Sleep ba - by, sleep ba - by, Sleep ba - by sleep. . . . .

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY STARS.

No. 67.

Gently.

1. Do you know how ma-ny stars There are shin - ing in the skies? Do you know how ma - ny clouds Ev - 'ry day go float - ing by? God in heav'n has counted all, He would miss one should it fall, He would miss one should it fall, He would miss one should it fall.

2. Do you know how ma-ny chil - dren, Go to lit - tle beds at night? And with- out a care or sor - row, Wake up in the morn-ing light; God in heav'n each name can tell, Knows you too, and knows you well, Knows you too and knows you well, Knows you too and knows you well.

No. 68.

LITTLE STAR.

Polka time.

Words by MISS MARY MCCULLOUGH.

1. Twin - kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are, Up a-bove the world so high, Like a dia - mond in the sky; Lis - ten child to what I say, Tho' from you so far a - way, I twin-kle, twinkle thro' the night, In do - ing this I give de - light.

2. To many a lit - tle one like you Who look - ing up and wond - 'ring too, Of what I'm made that spark - les so, Of light, dear child, now you must know, That when the sun-shine says good-bye, The stars are marshalled in the sky, They give to you their twinkling light, And with it goes a sweet good-night.

With 8va ad lib.

mf

cres

p

8va ad lib.

JOHNNY'S TRADE.

No. 69.

Moderately lively.

1. John - ny had to learn a trade that he might earn his bread, His mother said a miller be and
2. John - ny had to learn a trade that he might earn his bread, His mother said a blacksmith be and
3. Then John - ny said, oh, ma - ma dear, I'll be a drummer boy, And when he learn'd to beat the drum, Oh!
4. Then John - ny said, a trum- pe - ter, Is what I want to be, And when the trum pet he could blow, Oh!

want you need not dread; But Johnny did not like the sound the millwheels made in turning round.
want you need not dread; But Johnny did not like the sound that from the "anvil" did re-sound.
great then was his joy; But soon he tired, as day by day, He found that he the drum must play.
great then was his glee; And so from morning un -til night, He blew the trumpet with delight.

Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la
Toot toot toot toot toot toot toot, Toot toot toot toot toot toot toot, Toot toot toot toot

la la la, Tra la la la la, Then did lit- tle Johnny cry, A Miller, no, not I?
la la la, Tra la la la la, Then did lit- tle Johnny cry, A Blacksmith, no, not I?
la la la, Tra la la la la, Then did lit-tle Johnny cry, A Drummer, no, not I?
toot toot toot, Toot toot toot toot toot, Then did lit- tle Johnny cry, A trum - pe-ter am I?

OLD WINTER.

No. 70.

Very lively.

1. Old win - ter is a stur - dy one, And last - ing stuff he is made of, His flesh is firm as i - ron - stone, There is noth - ing he's a - fraid of.
2. He spreads his coat up - on the heath, Nor to warm it ling - ers, He scouts the thought of ach - ing teeth, Or chil - blains on his fin - gers.
3. Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing, Full lit - tle cares or knows he, He hates the fire and hates the spring, And all that's warm and co - sy.
4. But where the fox - es bark a - loud On fro - zen lake and riv - er, When 'round the fire the peo - ple crowd, And rub their hands and shiv - er.
5. When frost is split - ting stone and wall, And trees come crash - ing af - ter, That hates he not, he loves it all, Then bursts he out in laugh - ter.
6. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

JACK FROST.

No. 71.

Lively but not fast.

1. Jack Frost is a ro-guish lit-tle fellow, When the win-try winds be - gin to bellow, He flees like a lit - tle bird through the air. And steals through the little cracks ev - erywhere, He nips lit-tle chil - dren on the nose, He piuches llt-tle chil - dren on the toes, He pulls lit-tle chil-dren by the ears, He draws from their eyes the big round tears
2. He makes lit - tle girls cry oh, oh, oh, He makes lit - tle boys say ho, ho, ho, But when we kindle up a good fire. Then Jack Frost is com-pelled to re - tire, So up the chimney skips the roguish boy, And all the lit-tle chil - dren jump for joy. He makes lit-tle girls cry oh, oh, oh, He makes lit - tle boys say ho, ho, ho.

ROSE BUSH OR, WINTER ROSE.

No. 72.

Slowly.

1. All the trees are life - less, And the north wind roars, I've a lit - tle rose bush, That I keep in - doors; Close be - side my win - dow In a box it grows. Rose bush, rose bush won't you give to me a rose? Rose bush, rose bush won't you give to me a rose?

2. When the spring comes bring - ing, Pinks and Vio - lets blue, You'll be scarcely need - ed, Now's the time for you; Now when all a - round you, Lies the drift-ed snow. Rose bush, rose bush won't you give to me a rose? Rose bush, rose bush won't you give to me a rose?

3. I have bro't you wa - ter, Set you in the light, Kept a fire to make you Warm enough at night; You've been kind - ly treat - ed Ev - ery bod - y knows. Rose bush, rose bush won't you give to me a rose? Rose bush, rose bush won't you give to me a rose?

4. Ah! I see a ti - ny Bud up - on your bough, There's a pret - ty blos — — som Grow-ing for me now; Then you lit - tle rose - bud, Now be - fore it blows. Rose bush, rose bush won't you give to me a rose? Rose bush, rose bush won't you give to me a rose?

SEE THE SNOW IS FALLING FAST.

No. 73.

Lively.

1. Oh! see the snow is fall - ing now, It powders all the trees, Its flakes a - bound and all a - round, They float up - on the breeze.
2. 'Tis snowing fast, and cold the blast, But yet I hope 'twill stay, Oh! see it blow the fall - ing snow, In sha - dows far a - way.
3. Jack Frost is here, we feel him near, He's on his i - cy sled, And cov - er'd deep, the flow - ers sleep, Be - neath their snow - y bed.
4. Come out and play this win - try day, A - mid'st the fall - ing snow, Come young and old, fear not the cold, Nor how - ling winds that blow.

I AM THE WIND.

No. 74.

Allegretto.

1. I am the wind and I come ver - y fast, Thro' the tall woods I can blow a loud blast, Some - times I am soft as a sweet, gentle child, I play with the flow-ers, am quiet and mild
2. And then out so loud all at once I can roar, If you wish to be quiet close window and door, For I am the wind and I come very fast, Thro' the tall winds I can blow a loud, loud blast.

WE WELCOME YOU, DEAR FRIENDS.

No. 75.

Lively.

We wel - come you, dear friends, to see Our Kin - der - gar - ten home, Our
Our teach - ers kind are full of love, They teach us to be true, And

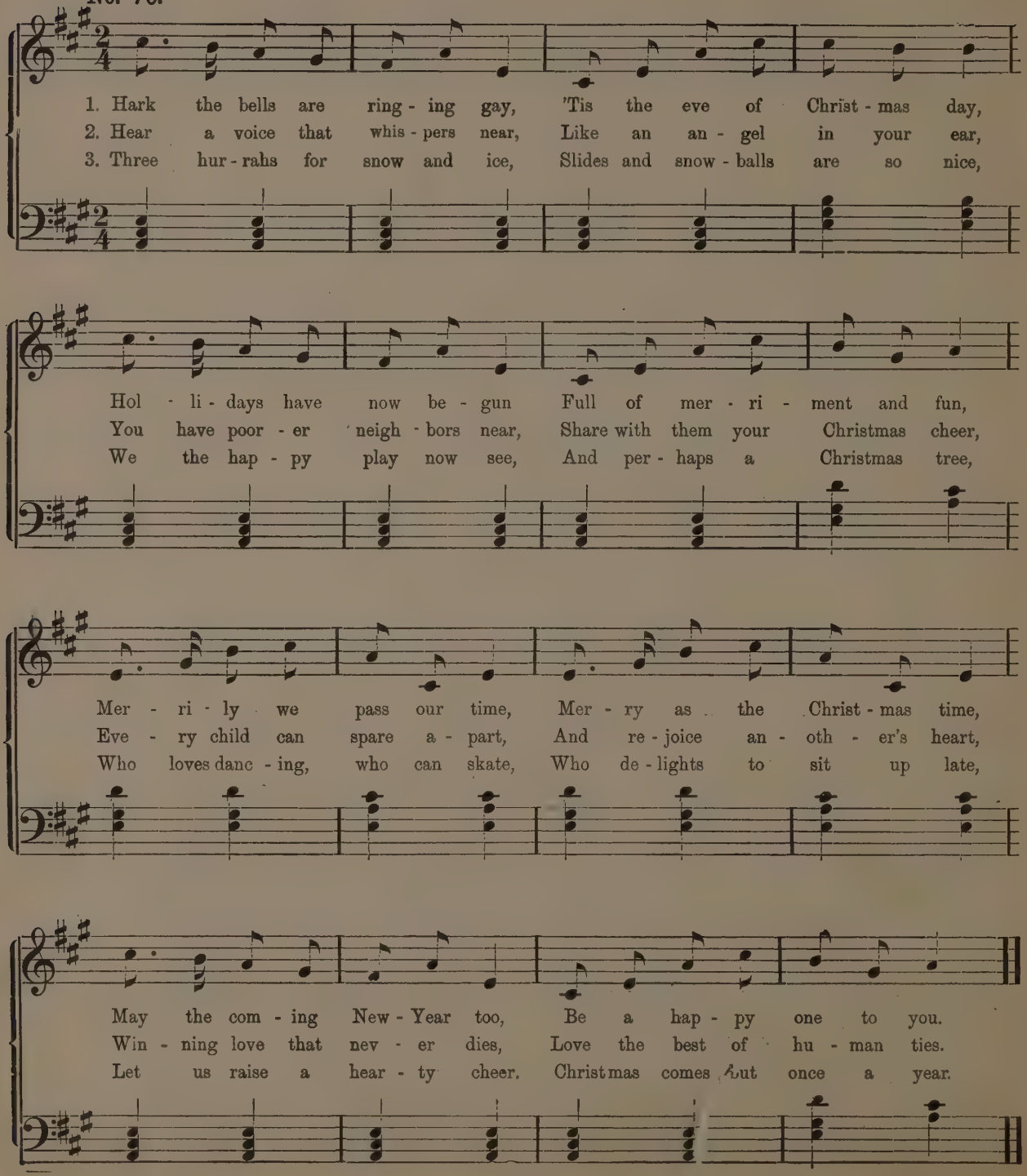
ver - y hearts are leap - ing now With joy be - cause you're come,
par - ents, friends, they join with us, In song to wel - come you.

Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah for our lit - tle school, Our

ver - y hearts are leap - ing now with joy be - cause you've come,

HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING.

No. 76.



DEAR SANTA, NOW APPEAR.

No. 77.

Lively.

1. Dear San - ta, now we meet you, With lov - ing hearts we greet you, Oh! you have been a-
2. Joy-ful, joyful let us be, That we were not for-got, Dear San - ta loves us

way a year, And now your pre - sence gives us cheer, What have you San - ta, brought us, How
well we know, Just see! what we have got, What have you San - ta, brought us, How

glad I am you sought us, We'll clap our hand with greet - ing, Re - joic - ing thus at
glad I am you sought us, We'll clap our hand with greet - ing, Re - joic - ing thus at

meet - ing, We'll clap our hands with greet - ing, Re - joic - ing thus at meet - ing.
meet - ing, We'll clap our hands with greet - ing, Re - joic - ing thus at meet - ing.

NOW OUR MORNING WORK IS ENDED.

No. 78.

In March time.

Now our {morning / evening} work is end-ed, Longer we must not re-main,
It is time our way we wended, To our hap-py home a-gain,

Glad-ly do our Moth-ers greet us, Eve-ry day when we go home, Glad-ly

our com-pan-ions greet us, When a-gain we hith-er come,

Then "good bye," then "good bye," "Good bye," for to-day Then "good

bye" for the pre-sent, Teachers and com-pan-ions dear.

No. 79. PARTING SONG.

Lively.

1. Our play is o'er, our work is done, our things are in their plac - es, Now to our homes we'll quick - ly run, With hap - py hearts and fac - es .....
2. So now we part with right good cheer, with - out a thought of sor - row, We'll glad - ly go, but teach - ers dear, We'll all come back to - mor - row.....

No. 80. SAWING GAME.

(Circle Songs.)

In Moderate time.

mf

Let us now be - gin our saw - ing, Back - wards, for - wards, push - ing, draw - ing, Saw - ing, saw - ing wood in two.

Gradually slower.

Lit - tle piec - es, big - ger piec - es, See - saw, see - saw, see - saw, saw.

No. 81.

SEE - SAW.

Slow waltz time.

mf

See us saw - ing, See us saw - ing, First its front and

then its back, See us saw - ing, See us saw - ing,

First its front and then its back,..... See us saw - ing,

See us saw - ing, First its front and then its back, See us

saw - ing, See us saw - ing, Saw - ing wood in two.....

SONGS FOR BALL.

ROLL OVER, COME BACK.

No. 82.

Slowly.

1. Roll, o - ver, come back here, So mer - ry and free, My play fel - lows dear, Who joins in my glee,

THE LITTLE BALL LIES IN MY HAND.

No. 83.

Lively.

1. The lit-tle ball is ly-ing here, So qui-et and so still, We'll gently rock it too and fro, And nurse it well we will,
2. The lit-tle ball is ly-ing here, Within my hand asleep, And as I rock it too and fro, A loving watch I'll keep.

BALL.

No. 84.

Lightly.

The little ball hops out my hand, So co-sy and so warm, It tries to do its ver-y best, Thro' sunshine, and thro' storm.

TO AND FRO THE BALL.

No. 85.

Lively.

To and fro the ball is swinging, Like the church bell freely ringing. Now it's turning round and round, Freely turning on the ground.

NOW TAKE THIS LITTLE BALL.

No. 86.

Moderately fast.

1. Now take this lit - tle ball, And do not let it fall,
2. Hold it in your hand, Then quite still let it stand,
3. Our balls are beau - ti - ful, And made of soft, nice wool,
4. Now make your soft balls rise, Up, up to - wards the skies,
5. You're tir - ed, lit - tle ball, So downward you must fall,
6. Now move from left to right, While I the string hold tight, The
7. From front to back now swing, You pret - ty lit - tle thing.
8. Move quick - ly round and round, But don't fall to the ground;
9. Dear ball, you're tired of play, So "good bye" for to - day, In-

Balls of yel - low, red, and blue, Some for me and some for you, Now
Balls of yel - low, blue, and red, You are round just like my head,
On the white sheeps back it grows, Some for me and some for you, Our
Trees and flow'rs, all things be - low, Up - ward, up - ward try to go, Now
Like ripe ap - ples from the trees, Some for you and some for me, You're
pen - du - lum moves thus, you know, Tic, tac, tic, tac, fast or slow, Now
Swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing still, Swing - ing with a right good will, From
And as round and round you move, You've still the lit - tle ball I love, Move
to your nice little nest now creep, And stay there 'till again I'll peep, Dear

take the lit - tle ball And do not let it fall.
Hold it in your hand, Then quite still let it stand.
balls are beau - ti - ful, And made of nice soft wool.
make your soft ball rise, Up, up, to - wards the skies.
ti - red lit - tle ball, Lo! down - ward you must fall.
move from left to right, While I the string hold tight.
front to back now swing, You pret - ty lit - tle thing.
quick - ly round and round, But don't fall to the ground.
ball you're tired of play, So "good bye" for to - day.

MY SOFT BALL LOVES TO WANDER.

No. 87.

Slowly.

1. My soft ball loves to wand - er, From one child to an - oth - er, And

wish - es ma - ny hap - py days, ... And

wish - es ma - ny hap - py days . . . . . Al - ways

when the ball is com - ing I my cheer - ful song sing - ing, I do

love the ball to see, For it al - ways pleas - es me.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY.

No. 88.

Gently.

Rock - a-bye ba - by on the tree top, When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock,

Fine.

When the bough bends the cra-dle will fall, Down comes ba-by and cra-dle and all.

Tra la la la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

D.C. al Fine.

I SHOULD LIKE TO BUILD TO-DAY.

No. 89.

Not fast.

I should like to build to-day, Please give me my box of bricks, I will o - pen it and say,

One, two, three, four, five and six, Now my cube before me stands, And I with joy will clap my hands.

No. 90. CUBE.

1. How well up - on one point I stand, When stead - ied by your lit - tle hand, Now
2. With a stick thro' my mid-dle I rap-id - ly hum, My eight lit- tle corners de - light in the fun, To
3. Put a stick thro' my edge, and give me a whirl, And now round and round in a cir - cle I'll twirl, Put a

look you and quick - ly learn, How well up - on one point I turn.
you they are hid, but there they re - main, And when I stand still, you will see them a - gain.
stick thro' my edge and give me a whirl, And now round and round in a circle I'll twirl.

No. 91. CYLINDER.

Waltz time.

3 And last but not least like a top I am found, If with a stick thro' my edge you spin me around. And

1 If up - on my flat fa - ces you turn me 'round, I'll look like the roll - er that rolls on the ground. If
2 If on my round fa - ces you spin me you'll see, What a nice lit - tle ball is hid - den in me. If

last but not least like a top I am found, If with a stick thro' my eye you spin me 'round.

up - on my flat fa - ces you turn me 'round, I'll look like the roll - er that rolls on the ground.
on my round fa - ces you spin me you'll see, What a nice lit - tle ball is hid - den in me.

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la

Tra la la la la la la Tra la Tra la la

THE BALL.

Waltz time. No. 92.

1. A ball is in my hand you see, And where the ball is the cube cannot be;
2. In a straight line the lit - tle sphere, Roll o - ver there and comes back here, A
3. Round I am when in a plate, Straight a - cross when on a slate;
4. Let me rest, or run, or roll, Make a bell of me to toll;

In a straight line the sphere rolls a - long, Sing-ing for each a lit - tle song.
ball I am wher - ev - er I go, Wher - ev - er I turn my - self I show.
Move your hands and bid me go, Strict o - be - di - ence I will show.
Let me swing, or twirl or fall, Al - ways I am your lit - tle ball.

CUBE.

Waltz time. No. 93. (Second Gift.)

1. Noth - ing but a hand I see, Where oh! where can my lit - tle cube be;

Of the cube I see two sides, The oth - er four my lit - tle hand hides,

Now count the sides, one, two, three, More at a time you nev - er can see.

Here are two sides, where are the others, Ask your sisters, ask your brothers,

Here is one cor - ner, where are the oth - ers? Ask your sisters, ask your brothers?

No. 94.

CUBE.

Waltz time.

Be quiet, dear cube, it is my will That you should be quite still, quite still; The

cube now is resting, it stands on its face, And standing so firm - ly it can't lose its place.

Allegretto.

The cube can't stand on edge, It will tum - ble there and tum - ble here,

See how it stands and does not fall, How it leans a - gainst the wall.

No. 96. APPLES RIPE!

Slowly.

Ap - ples ripe, Ap - ples ripe, Who will buy my ap - ples ripe?

Con 8va ad lib.

Ap - ples ripe, Ap - ples ripe, I will buy your ap - ples ripe.

No. 97. BELL HIGH IN THE STEEPLE.

Slowly.

Bell high in the stee - ple, Calls to church the peo - ple,

Gradually slower.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell.....

No. 98. THE BALL.

Moderately fast.

Words by MRS. ROGERS.

1. Now its turn - ing 'round and 'round, Like the wheel up - on the ground,
2. Swift - ly, swift - ly, now it flies, Al - most hid - den from our eyes,
3. Gent - ly, gent - ly, moves the ball, Now it hard - ly moves at all,
4. Ver - y pret - ty is the ball, Red and round and soft and small, The
5. To and fro my ball I swing, Now I turn it in a ring,

f

See it turn - ing 'round and 'round, Like the wheel up - on the ground,
Whirl-ing, whirl - ing, see it go, Fast - er, fast - er now 'tis slow.
Hop, hop, hop, hop, little ball hop, Like the bird - ie in the tree-top.
ball is round and rolls each way, The ball is nice for chil-drens play.
And what - e'er the ball can do, I can try and so may you.

No. 99. TO AND FRO.

Moderately fast.

To and fro, to and fro, That my ball can nice - ly do, Straight and steady,

must it go, Not too fast, nor too slow, Here and there, and front and back,

Gradually slower.

Sometimes *tick*, and sometimes *tack*, See it go, see it go, moving ve - ry slow.

No. 100. THE BALL IS SINKING.

Moderate time.

Ball is sin - king down - ward, Ris - ing up a- gain,

p

Sink - ing, ris - ing, See how the ball sinks and ri - ses.

No. 101. ONE, TWO, THREE, ROLL!

Waltz time.

One, two, three, roll! One, two, three, roll! One, two, three,

mf

roll! One, two, three, roll! One, two, three, roll!

One, two, three, roll! One, two, three, roll! One, two, three, roll!

No. 102.

WHILE WE SING.

(Ball Song.)

Slow waltz time.

1. While we sing, the ball does wan - der, Now its here and now its yon - der, But in
2. 'Round and 'round the ball is glid - ing, Gen - tle sport for us pro - vid - ing, How I

p

one thing we a - gree, ... I love ball, and I love thee!
love you, pret - ty ball!.. .. Giv - ing plea - sure to us all.

No. 103.

ROLL THE BALL.

(Ball Song.)

Not too fast.

Roll the ball soft - ly, roll me the ball; Be careful, darling, don't let it fall;

Roll the ball soft - ly, roll me the ball, Be careful, darling, don't let it fall.

No. 104.

HUSH - A - BYE - BIRDIE.

(Ball Song.)

Andante.

1. Hush - a - bye bird - ie, I'll sing you a song, One that is sweet and not ve - ry long.
2. Hush - a - bye bird - ie, I'll sing you to rest, Noth - ing shall harm you, safe in your nest.
3. All the small bird - ies have gone to sleep, No more shall ba - by wide a - wake keep.

Peep, peep, Go to sleep, Peep, peep, go to sleep.

PART SECOND AND PART THIRD.

SONGS OF THE CIRCLE,

SELECTED AND COMPILED BY

CLARA BEESON HUBBARD.

SAINT LOUIS:

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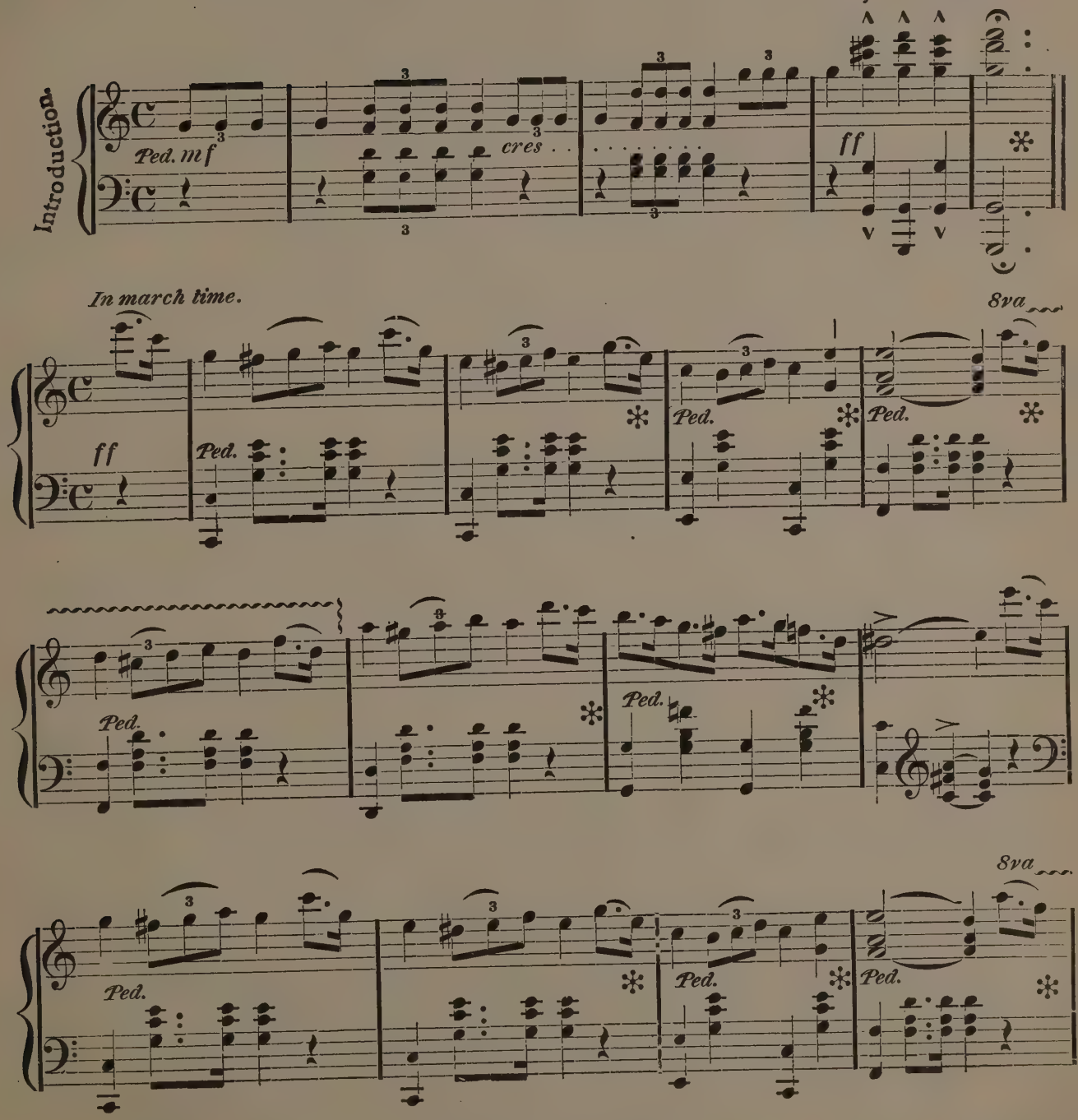
—BY—
CLARA BEESON HUBBARD,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

No. 82. # HUBBARD'S KINDERGARTEN MARCH.

Arranged from

Mendelssohn and Beethoven.

By H. WERNER.



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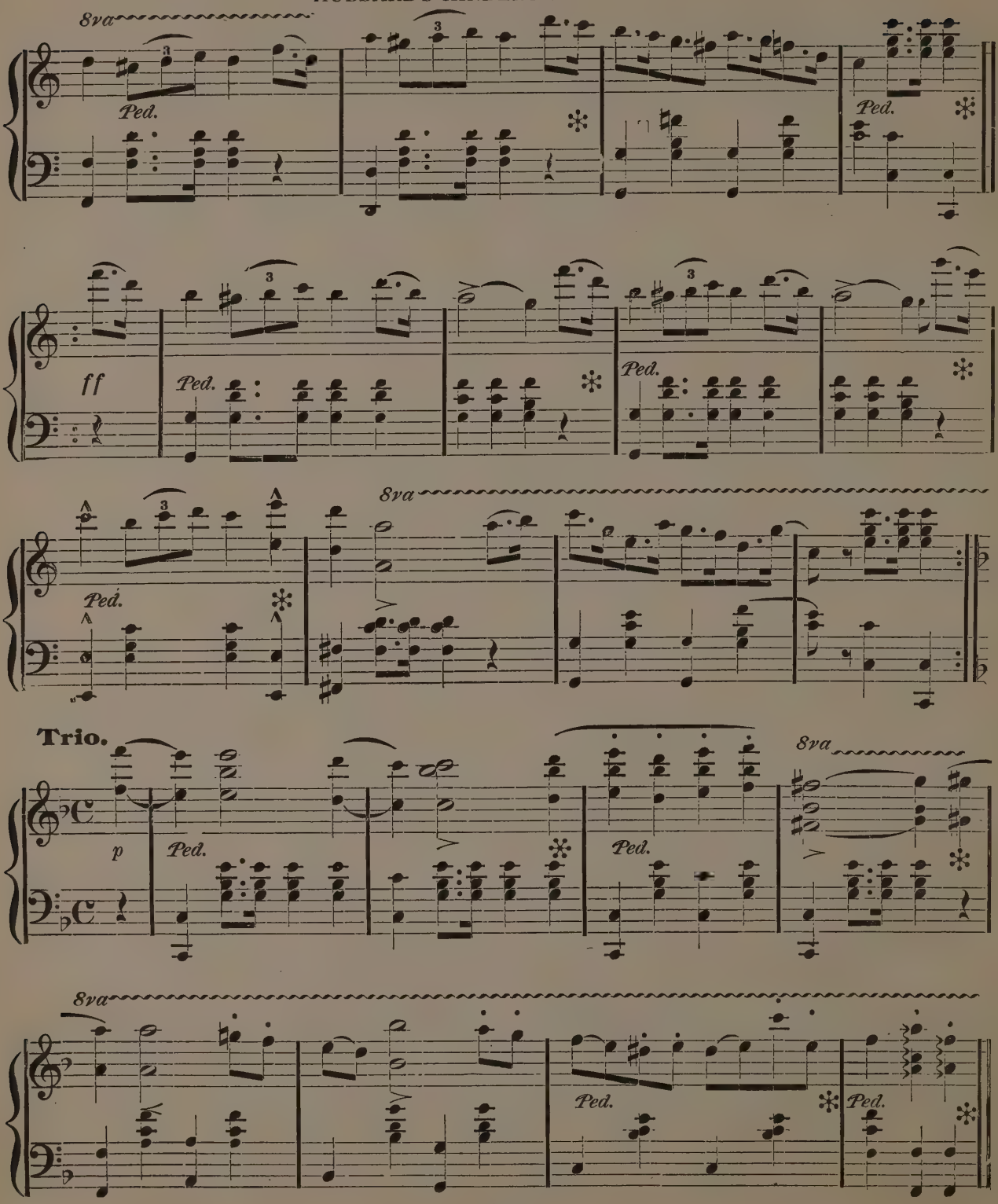
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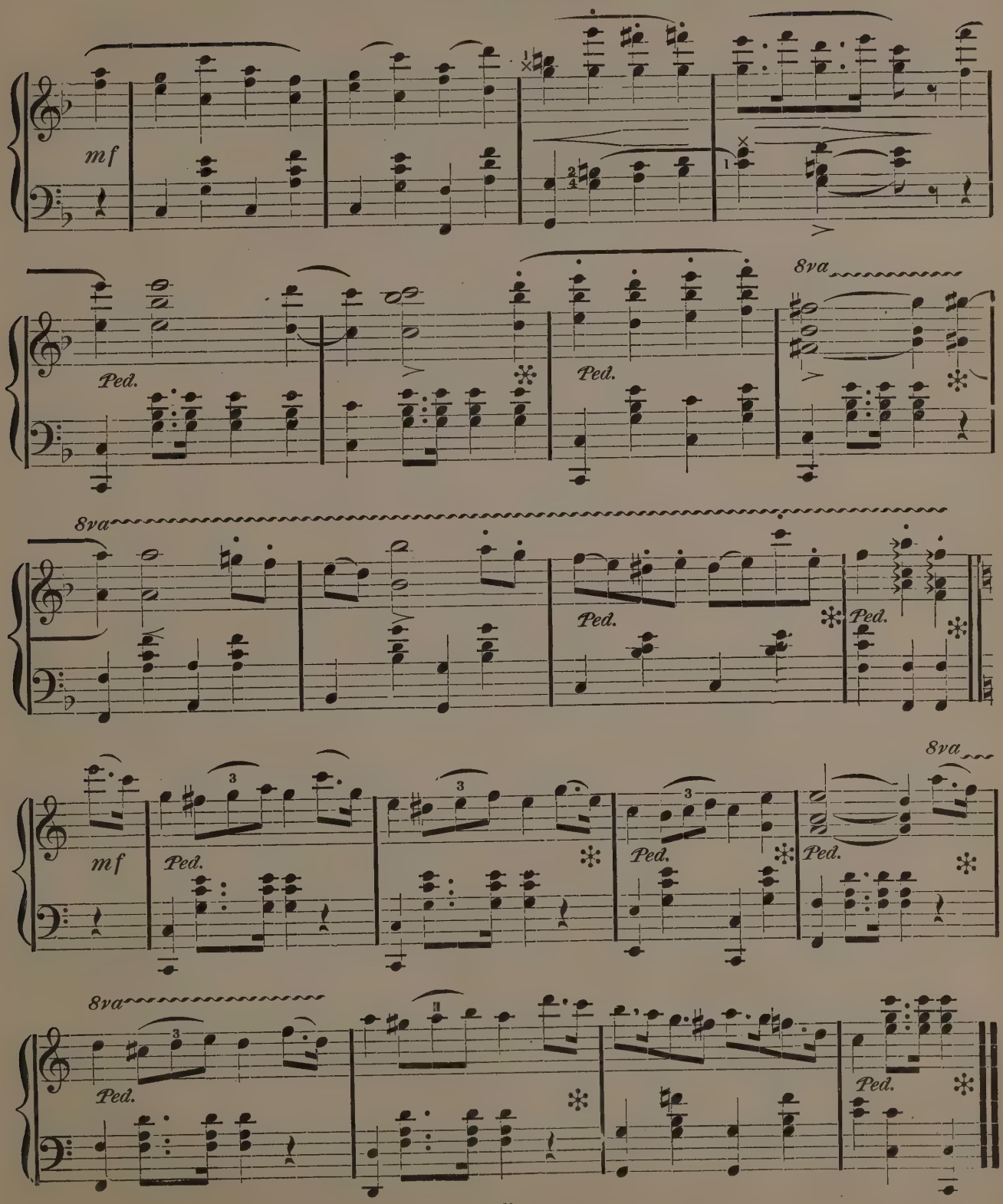
mf
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8va
mf

MERRILY, FORM A RING.

No. 1. Circle.

Lively.

Mer- ri - ly, mer-ri- ly, let us form a ring, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, let us dance and sing,

Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Mer-ri- ly, mer-ri- ly, let us form a ring.

NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR PLAY.

No. 2. Circle.

Lively.

Now the time has come for play, Tra la la la la la, Let our Jes - se show the

way, Tra la la, Tra la la, Heads e - rect and join your hands Each be-

side the oth - er stands, Tra la la la la la la la la la la.

No. 3.

WE'LL JOIN OUR HANDS.

(Circle Song.)

Allegretto.

We'll join our hands and stand a - round, While sing-ing with a joy - ous sound, And

Vigoroso. *f*

then our Har - ry's name we'll say, And he will show us what to play.

No. 4.

BUCKET SONG.

March time.

(From BOSTON COLL.)

1. Up, up, my lit - tle buck - et comes, From the deep, dark well, 'Tis
2. It brings us spark - ling wa - ter, So pure and cool and sweet, To

f

full and run - ning ov - er, Now what it brings, "who'll tell?"
wash the mer - ry fac - es And lit - tle danc - ing feet.

No. 5.

SKATING GAME.

Circle Songs.

Moderately fast.

1. Here we go, Stea - dy and slow, Now we plod a - while be - hind;
2, Down they go, I pi - ty their woe, They fall like a lit - tle ball of lead;
3. Ha, ha ! you see, They're as hap-py as we, Now they're up and off a - gain;

Now we glide and fas - ter slide As fast as the win - t'ry wind :—
Now they can tell I guess pretty well Whether ice is as hard as their heads.
Now for a race at a quick - er pace O'er the glas - sy plain :—

Slow Waltz time.

Tra la la la la la, Tra la

la la la la la la la, Tra la la la

la Tra la la la la la la, Tra la.

THE COOPER.

No. 6.

Quietly.

Oh! I am the coop - er, No care can I know; When to

mf

Repeat ad lib

work at my bar - rels so gai - ly I go;

rap - a - tap, rap - a - tap, rap - a - tap I go,

rap - a - tap, rap - a - tap, rap - a - tap I go.

No. 7.

LET YOUR FEET TRAMP, TRAMP!

(Circle Songs.)

Quick march time.

Let your feet tramp, tramp! Let your hands clap, clap! And each one make a

f

bow. Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la,

la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la Tra la la la la la la la

la la la, Tra la la la la la la, And each one make a bow.

8va

Con 8va

THE FARMER.

No. 8. Circle.

Moderately fast, and in strict time.

1. Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you
2. Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you
3. Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you
4. Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you
5. Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you know how does the far - mer, Would you

know how does the far - mer, Sow his bar - ley and wheat; Look you
know how does the far - mer, Reaps his bar - ley and wheat; Look you
know how does the far - mer, Thrash his bar - ley and wheat; Look you
know how does the far - mer, Sift his bar - ley and wheat; Look you
know how does the far - mer, Take home his bar - ley and wheat; Look you

so, so does the far - mer, Look you so, so does the far - mer, Look you
so, so does the far - mer, Look you so, so does the far - mer, Look you
so, so does the far - mer, Look you so, so does the far - mer, Look you
so, so does the far - mer, Look you so, so does the far - mer, Look you
so, so does the far - mer, Look you so, so does the far - mer, Look you

so, so does the far - mer, Sow his bar - ley and wheat.
so, so does the far - mer. Reaps his bar - ley and wheat.
so, so does the far - mer, Thrash his bar - ley and wheat.
so, so does the far - mer, Sift his bar - ley and wheat.
so, so does the far - mer, Take home his bar - ley and wheat.

COME TAKE A LITTLE PARTNER.

No. 9. Circle.

Gently and not too fast.

1. Come take a lit - tle part - ner from out the hap - py band, And then bow down be-
2. Now the dance is o - ver, you must re - turn to place, Take back your lit - tle

fore her, And take her by the hand. . . . . Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la,
part - ner, And bow with gent - le grace. . . . . Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la,

Fine. *Polka time.*

Tra la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la, Tra la la,

D.C. al Fine.

No. 10 Circle. **LET YOUR FEET GO TRAMP.**

Not too fast and in strict time.

Let your feet go tramp, tramp, tramp, Let your hands go clap, clap, clap, Let your fingers beckon mine,

My dear Lu - lu dance with me, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la, La la la la.

DING, DONG, DELL.

No. 11 Circle.

March time.

One, two, three, In a ring are we, Ding, dong, dell, Hear the tow - er bell,

a little slower.

Now we're slowly bend -ing, And our limbs ex - tend - ing, Tip, tap, tramp, Lit - tle feet be - gin to stamp,

Raise your arms up light - ly, Turning fast and spright-ly, Now you may repose, Each one to his place may go.

GAMES OF THE SENSES.

No. 12 Circle.

HEARING.

1. Let us stand quite still and list - en, 'Till we hear our Blanche strike What she says will be re-
2. Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,

Fine.

peat - ed, As much as we can a - like.
la la, Tra la la la la la la.

BLANCHE.

Sing the dit - ty, I am sing - ing.

D.C. al Fine.

I will guess then who thou art, If I fail, your merry, merry laughter, Will not hurt me, let us start.

SMELLING.

No. 13 Circle.

Gently Moderato.

1. There's a flow'r with - in my hand, Can you tell what it may be,
2. If you say the pro - per name, Guess - ing by the scent a - lone,

But I hope you un - der - stand, You may smell but must not see.
You a sweet re - ward may claim, For the flow'er shall be your own.

TASTING.

No. 14 Circle.

Lively.

Your lit - tle mouth now o - pen, And taste well what I bring; Then

guess its name, And prais - es we will glad - ly, glad - ly sing.

TOUCHING.

No. 15 Circle.

Lively.

Though your lit - tle eyes are blind - ed, Your lit - tle hands can feel; Now take the thing I give you, And quick its name re - veal.

SEEING.

No. 16. Circle.

Slowly.

When we're play-ing to-geth-er, we are hap-py and glad, We don't care for the weath-er, and we

nev-er grow sad; One of us has dis-ap-peared, You shall guess which one it is, And shall

hear-ti-ly be cheered, If your guess is not a-miss. Tra la la.... tra la la... la

la la la la, tra la la... tra la la... la la... la la.

REPRESENTATIVE GAMES.

THE STREAM.

No. 17. Circle.

1. Give, said the lit - tle stream, Give, oh! give, give, oh! give, Give, said the
2. Give, said the lit - tle rain, Give, oh! give, give, oh! give, Give, said the
3. Give, said the Vio - let sweet, Give, oh! give, give, oh! give, Give, said the

lit - tle stream, As it hur-ried down the hill; I'm small, I know, but where - ever I go. The
lit - tle rain As it fell up - on the flow'rs; I'll raise their droop-ing heads a - gain, As it
Vio - let sweet, In its gen - tle, spring-like voice; From cot and hall you will hear my call, You will

fields grow green - er still. Sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, Give a - way, oh!
fell up - on the flow'rs. Sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, Give a - way, oh!
find me and re - joice. Sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, Give a - way, oh!

give a - way, Sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, Give, oh! give a - way.

No. 18. Circle. SHIP.

Allegretto.

1. Our Ves - sel for - ward calm - ly sails, The times, like waves us an - ni- mate, The shore is fad - ing
2. The winds and waves to - geth - er play, We feel as free as in the air, We soon shall see our

1st Ending. 2d Ending.

from our gaze, The waves a - rise, How grand, how great! Beau- ti - ful Sea, beau- ti - ful Sea.
na - tive bay, We near - er come! At last were there, Land, yes, land, land, beau - ti - ful land.

No. 19. Circle. FISHES.

See how within the shal - low stream, the sil - very lit - tle fish - es gleam, See how they dart a-

long the ground, "Chasing each oth - er a - round, around, Chasing each oth - er a - round and around.

No. 20. Circle. FISHES.

Lively.

1. See the fish - es in the brook, Sink - ing, ris - ing, look, look. look, look, look!

Now they are straight, And now they bend, Their mer - ry play - ing has no end.

LIZZARDS.

No. 21. Circle.

Moderato.

1. O - ver in the meadow by the old mos- sy gate, Liv'd an old mother lizzard, and her
2. O - ver in the meadow by the old mos- sy gate, Bask'd an old mother lizzard, and her

lit - tle lizzards eight, ... Bask, said the mother, We bask, said the eight, So they
lit - tle lizzards eight, ... Run, said the mother, We run, said the eight, So they

bask'd in the sun by the old mos -sy gate, So they bask'd in the sun by the gate, by the gate.
run to their homes from the old mos -sy gate, So they run to their homes from the gate, from the gate.

FROGS.

No. 22. Circle.

Moderato.

1. The frogs are hop - ping out of the pond, Qua, qua, qua, qua, qua, quak, Take
2. The frogs are hop - ping in - to the pond, Qua, qua, qua, qua, qua, quak, Take

care lest they es - cape be - yond, Qua, qua, qua, qua, qua, quak.
care lest they es - cape be - yond, Qua, qua, qua, qua, qua, quak.

THE SNAIL.

No. 23. Circle.

Slowly.

1. Hand in hand you see us well, Creep like a snail out of his shell,
2. Hand in hand you see us well, Creep like a snail out of his shell,

Al - ways near - er, al - ways near - er, Ev - er clos - er, ev - er clos - er,
Ev - er wid - er, ev - er wid - er, Ev - er far - ther, ev - er far - ther,

Who would think this ti - ny shell, Would have held the snail so well.
Who would have tho't this ti - ny shell, Would have held the snail so well.

FLYING BIRDS.

No. 24. Circle.

Lively.

1. Fly, lit-tle bird, fly round the ring, Fly, lit-tle bird, while we all sing?
2. May lit-tle bir - die, stay with me, And my lit - tle bir - die be;

Then fly down at some child's feet, Who will sing you a song that is soft and sweet.
If you'll stay I will treat you well, And give you a cage where - in to dwell.

HOPPING BIRDS.

No. 25. Circle.

Lively.

1. The lit - tle birds hop out of the nest, Tip tip tip tip tip top; They try to do their ve - ry best. Tip tip tip tip tip top.
2. The lit - tle birds hop back in the nest, Tip tip tip tip tip top; To keep them there, pray try your best, Tip tip tip tip tip top.

HOPPING AND FLYING TOGETHER.

No. 26. Circle.

Waltz time.

1. We birds, we are a mer - ry set, We hop and fly to - gether, . . . Our
2. So health - y and so free from care, We find what gives us pleasure, . . . Pre-
3. And have we pass'd a cheer - ful day, We nes - tle in the bush - es, . . . And

mer - ry tunes cheer up the world, They sound thro' field and bow - er. . . . Tra
par'd for us we find our fare, And in no scan - ty meas - ure. . . Tra
dream sweet dreams and slum - ber still, 'Till morn - ing ear - ly blush - es. . . , Tra

la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra

la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la. . . .

A LITTLE BIRD MADE A NEST.

No. 27. Circle.

Allegretto.

1. A lit - tle bird once made a nest Of moss, and hay, and hair, And
2. At last the lit - tle birds were fledged And strong e - nough to fly, And

there she laid five speck - led eggs, And covered them with care; Five
then they spread their tin - ny wings, And bade the nest "good bye;" There's

lit - tle birds were hatched in time, So small, and bare, and weak, The
many a lit - tle home like this, Sheltered in eve - ry tree, To

fath - er fed them eve - ry day, With in - sects from his beak.
teach us how to make our homes, A - bodes of peace and love.

SEE MY LITTLE BIRDIE'S NEST.

No. 28. Circle.

Not too fast, and tenderly.

1. See my lit - tle bir - die's nest, And an egg in it doth
2. Save the nest and spare the egg, Do not touch it, this I

rest; But the lit - tle bird hath flown, To the green - wood
beg; When the bird comes home a - gain, Let him find it's

he has gone, Egg in nest so snug doth lie,
nest and then It will sing to you a song,

Bir - die will come by and by. Tra la la la la la la la
That will please you all day long. Tra la la la la la la la

la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la.

THE SEASONS.

No. 29. Circle.

Moderato.

1. We'll join our hands and in a cir. - cle sing, With hap - py voi - ces for the Spring, We'll
2. Oh, wel - come, welcome sister dear, ... We greet you all with cheer, ... Now
3. Now comes our beauteous Summer here, ... With Spring and all her flow - ers, . . . We'll
4. We'll have to be to-geth - er, ... To make a per - fect year, ... They

shade our heads from the fall - ing rain, And care-ful-ly seed the earth with grain; Then
let us gather sweetest flow - ers, . . . And gent - ly rest in sha - dy bow'rs; Now
run and play and banish fear, ... And gay - ly pass the hours; . . . We'll
call us all the Sea - sons, . . . As we do now ap - pear; . . . . . Bright

round and round like days we'll pass, Tra la la la la la la, And in - to bright summer
hear the wild bees drowsy hum, Tra la la la la la la, Hark! hear the gull say
gather the harvest of golden grain, Tra la la la la la la, Have fruits and nuts a-
Spring and love - ly Sum - mer, Tra la la la la la la, Au - tumn and gay

1st, 2d, and 3d. Endings. | *Last Ending.*

glide at last, Tra la la la la la la. la la la la la.
come, come, come, Tra la la la la la la. la la la la la.
gain, a - gain, Tra la la la la la la. la la la la la.
win - ter, . . . Tra la la la la la la.

HASTEN TO THE MEADOW PETER.

No. 30. Circle.

Very lively. *a little slower.*

Has - ten to the mea - dow, Pe - ter, Mow the grass, what can be sweet - er;

In strict time.

Gath - er up the fragrant fod - der, For the cow for milk and but - ter;

Cow is in the barn - yard stray - ing, Milk her now with - out de - lay - ing,

Cow the good rich milk is giv - ing, Milk and bread are ba - by's liv - ing,

Let us grate - ful be for la - bors, Bring - ing us so ma - ny fa - vors.

Very lively. *a little slower.*

Has - ten to the mea - dow, Pe - ter, Mow the grass, what can be sweet - er?

Thank you, Pe - ter, for the mow - ing, Thank the cow the milk be - stow - ing,

For the milk - ing, *thank* our Mol - ly, Ba - ker for the rolls so jol - ly;

For our sup - per, *thank* mam - ma, So no *thanks* for - got - ten are,

For our sup - per, *thank* mam - ma, So no *thanks* for - got - ten are.

THE BARNYARD.

No. 31. Circle.

Lively.

Oh! what is this? Oh! what is this? This is a gate, this is a gate,

Lead - ing to the barn - yard straight; Lead - ing to the barn - yard straight:

Moderato.

There's the po - ny skip - ping hop, hop, There the doves are wing - ing, kurr, kurr.

Not fast.

The geese are all chattering, hiss, hiss, hiss, The ducks are all quack - ing, quack, quack, quack, The
The bees are all hum - ming, sum. sum, sum, The moo - ly cow lows, moo - oo - moo, The

softly.

chick - ens are peep - ing, peep, peep, peep, The hen loud - ly clucks, pip, pip, hi, hi.
little calf is play - ing, Ma - a - ma, The little lamb is stray - ing bah, bah, bah.

There bleat - eth the sheep, bah - a - bah, There bark - eth the dog, bow, wow, wow, The

lit - tle calf is play - ing, The lit - tle lamb is stray - ing, There bleat - eth the sheep, There

a little faster.

bark - eth the dog, The gate closed fas - tened we must keep, Oh!

why? oh! why? oh! why? That none may fly, That

none may fly, Each keep to his own quar - ter nigh.

WHEELRIGHT.

No. 32. Circle.

Lively. *a little slower.*

1. Let us to the wheel-right go. Watch to see what he will do, See now see now, See what pains takes he,

Still slower.

See now, see now, see what pains takes he. Let the aug - ur go straight thro', Let the hole be smooth and true.

Now! 'tis rea - dy to his mind, To the ax - le may be joined, Now 'tis rea - dy to his

Lively.

mind, To the ax - le may be joined, Round it goes, now ev - er round, round, now round, now

ev - er round it goes, round it goes, now ev - er round, round, now round, now ev - er round it goes.

THE MILLER.

No. 33. Circle.

Lively.

1. The mill wheels are turning, the brook turns them round, Clip clap, By day and by night is the grain being ground, Clip, clap, The mil-ler is jol-ly and ev-er a-lert, That we should have bread and feel gay like a bird, Clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap, Clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap.
2. The wheel quickly turns, and then round goes the stone, Clip clap, And grinds up the corn which the far-mer has sown, Clip, clap, The baker then bakes us fine biscuits and cakes, Oh! darling good bak-er, such nice things you make, Clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap, Clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap,

ROUND AND ROUND IT GOES.

No. 34. Circle.

Very lively.

1. Round and round it goes, So fast the wa-ter flows, The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel That turns the noi-sy dus-ty mill, Round and round it goes, As fast the wa-ter flows.
2. Turn-ing all the day, It nev-er stops to play, The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel That keeps on grinding golden meal, Round and round it goes, As fast the wa-ter flows.
3. Spark-ling in the sun, The mer-ry wa-ters run, A-cross the foaming, flashing wheel That works a-way yet keepeth still, Spark-ling in the sun, The mer-ry wa-ters run.

WHEEL-BARROW.

No. 35. Circle.

Lively.

Come take your bar - row, neighbor John, The clock strikes six, we must be gone; The birds are singing

in the bowers, The bees are bu - sy in the flow'rs, Come take your barrow, let us go And

call up - on our neighbor Joe, We've much to do and time flies on, Make haste, make haste we must be gone.

SEE THE CHICKENS ROUND THE GATE.

No. 36. Circle.

Moderately fast.

1. See the chickens round the gate, For their morning portion wait, Till the basket from the store, O - pen wide the cottage door;
2. Ea -ger bu- sy hen and chick, Eve -ry lit - tle mor - sel pick, See the hen with cal-low-brood, To her young how kind and good;
3. As she calls they flock a -round, Bustling all a-long the ground, When their daily la- bors cease, And at night they rest in peace;

Throw out crumbs and scatter seed, Let the hung-ry chickens feed, Call them now, how fast they run, Glad- ly, quickly, eve -ry one.
With what care their steps she leads, Them and not herself, she feeds, Picking here, and picking there, Where the nicest morsels are.
All the lit-tle tiny things, Nestle close beneath her wings, There she keeps them safe and warm, Free from fear, and free from harm.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

No. 37. Circle.

Rather slow and soft.

Pus - sy white so sly - ly comes To catch the mous - ey gray, But

Very quick.

mous - ey hears her soft - est tread, And quick - ly runs a - way; Run,

run my dear lit - tle mouse, Run all a - bout the house, For

pus - sy - cat is com - ing near, And he will catch the mouse, I fear.

GARDEN BED.

No. 38. Circle.

Lively but not fast.

Now the gar - den-beds are blooming, Wa-ter - pot in hand we're coming, All the

thirs - ty plants to sprin-kle, All the buds be - gin to twin-kle;

a little slower.

Scatter now their per-fume rare, They o - pen their pe-tals one by one, They

Faster, like the beginning.

roll up their cups to the glow - ing sun, Re - ward - ing our ten - der care.

THE BUTTERFLY.

No. 39. Circle.

Gently,

Gent - ly flit from flow'r to flow'r, While the sun is shin - ing,

Gath - er plea - sure ev' - ry hour, While the day's de - clin - ing;

Flut - ter, flut - ter, flut - ter on, Flut - ter, flut - ter, flut - ter on,

Joy - ous lit - tle rov - er, Soon the sum - mer will be gone;

Joy - ous lit - tle rov - er, Soon the sum - mer will be gone.

LITTLE WORM.

No. 40. Circle.

Not fast.

1. A lit - tle worm is on the ground, It creeps, and creeps, and creeps around; 'Tis
2d verse faster.
2. Oh! there it is, oh! see it fly, A love - ly, love - ly but - ter - fly; It

spin - ning now a lit - tle nest, That it may find a place to rest; Dear
spreads it's wings so dazz-ling bright, And seeks the joy - ous air and light; 'Tis

lit - tle worm, we'll say "good bye," 'Till you come out a but - ter - fly, Dear
sip - ping hon - ey from the flow'rs, Dear lit - tle but - ter - fly, you're ours, 'Tis

lit - tle worm, we'll say "good bye," 'Till you come out a but - ter - fly.
sip - ping hon - ey from the flow'rs, Dear lit - tle but - ter - fly, you're ours.

No. 41. Circle. SCISSORS GRINDER

Lively.

1. Oh! here we are the same old friends, With knives to grind, and scissors to mend, One touch of your foot and the wheel goes round, And be - fore you can speak, the scissors are ground.
2. Oh! all know us and we know all, At eve - ry house, we con - stantly call, Where- ev - er we go 'tis the same in the end, There are knives to grind and scissors to mend.

No. 42. Circle. BASKET OF FLOWERS.

Lively.

We, the slen - der twigs are tak - ing, And nice lit - tle bas - kets mak - ing,

From the love - ly ro - sy bow - ers, We will fill them with sweet flowers;

To our pa - rents we will bring them, And nice lit - tle songs we'll sing them.

Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Give them to Ma - ma.
Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Give them to Pa - pa.

GARDEN GATE.

No. 43. Circle.

Lively.

What have we here? Oh! what have we here? A gate to the gar- den, A gate to the gar - den;

What have we here? Oh! what have we here? A gate to the lit - tle gar - den.

The gard - 'ner dear is the war - den, All day, and all the hours, ... He

cares . . . for the flowers, . . . The flowers of eve - ry hue, ... The

bright and the ten - der, The strong and the slen - der, Through

him their fresh - - ness all re - new, Through

him their fresh - - - ness all re - new; The

dow -ney and per - fume breath - ing, The state - ly and vine are wreath - ing, The

buds in the cups un - fold - ed, In pairs or sing - ly fold- - -

ed, Oh! well . . . must the gate be closed, at all the

hours, ... That none . . . . may dis - turb . . . . the dar - ling

lit - tle flowers ; . . . Oh ! well . . . must the gate . . . . be

closed at all the hours, ... That none may dis-

turb, . . . The dar - ling lit - tle flowers, . . . That none

may dis - turb, . . The dar - ling lit - tle flowers, . . .

PIGEONS.

No. 44. Circle.

Moderately lively.

1. Come lit -tle pigeons come in-to the ring, Come lit- tle pigeons while we all sing ; Then go to sleep in your
2. Now the sun is high in the sky. Now lit- tle pigeons 'tis time to fly, Fly o-ver fields and
3. Dear lit - tle pigeons, sweet rest to you, We're waiting to hear your soft coo, coo, Dear lit-tle pigeons sweet

Softly.

nice warm nest, We will be qui -et and let you rest. Coo, coo, Coo, coo, Coo, coo, Coo, coo.
hill-tops light, Then returning we'll bid you "good night." Coo, coo, Coo, coo, Coo, coo, Coo, coo.
rest to you, We're waiting to hear your soft coo, coo. Coo, coo, Coo, coo, Coo, coo, Coo, coo.

BEES.

No. 45. Circle.

Moderately fast.

Oh! say bu - sy bee, whither now are you go-ing, Whither now are you go -ing to work or to play, We are

bound for the bowers, Where flowers are blooming, For we must be gathering sweet hon - ey to - day.

Sweet hon - ey, sweet hon - ey, For we must be gathering sweet hon - ey to - day.

No. 46.

THE FARMER.

(Circle Song.)

Not too fast.

My song I sing at ear - ly dawning day, As forth to la - bor in the field I take my way, I

p

brush the dew from many a sparkling flow'r, And breathe the sweet perfume from ev - 'ry love - ly bower, There

thro' the field I guide my shin-ing plough, Gee up, gee, whoa; I cheer my hors - es now, For my

8va ad lib.

ritardando.

heart is light, my arms are free and strong, And so I sing, and so I la - bor all day long, I

Tempo.

Sow my seed, I scat - ter far and near, The lit - tle blades of grass will soon appear, My

8va

ritardando.

heart is light, My arms are free and strong and so I sing and so I la - bor all day long;

Tempo.

8va ad lib.

I swing my scythe a - cross the gras-sy plain, With sharp, bright blade, I mow the waving grass, My
He loves his work with all its country joys, Far bet - ter than the cit - y strife and noise, For his

8va ad lib.

ritardando.

heart is light, my arms are free and strong, and so I sing and so I la - bor all day long. Down
heart is light, his arms are free and strong, and so he sings and so he la - bors all day long. Tra

on the grass be-neath the sha-dy trees, The far-mer lies and takes his rest, so tired is he, The
la la la

Moderato.

Chil-dren are not now with - out it, Lit - tle mouths know all a-

- bout it, Lit - tle tongue hath in it dipp'd, Down the lit - tle throat it

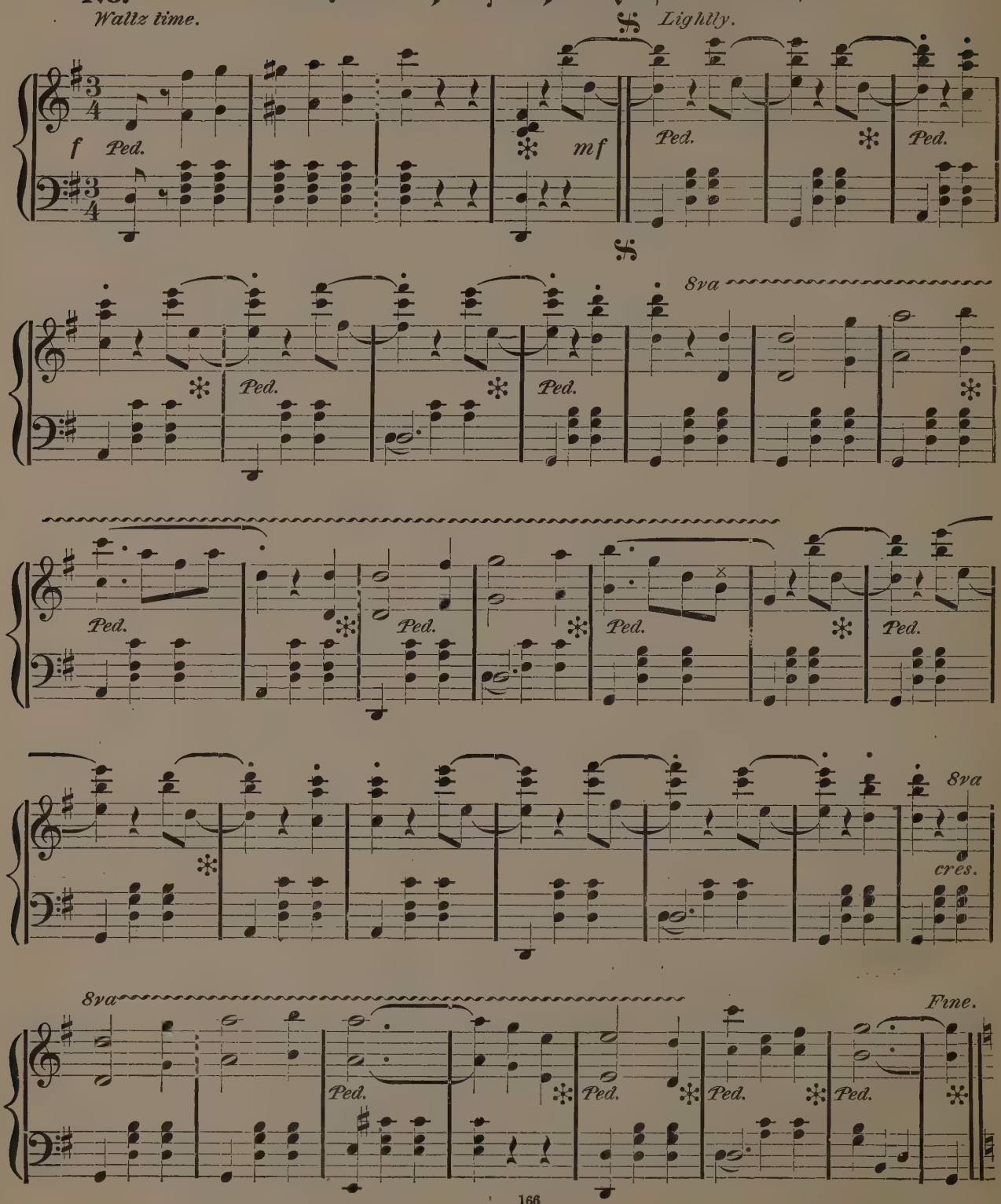
slipp'd, How it makes us chil-dren gay, Full of fro - lic, full of

play, How with health my child shall gleam, Red and white like rose and cream.

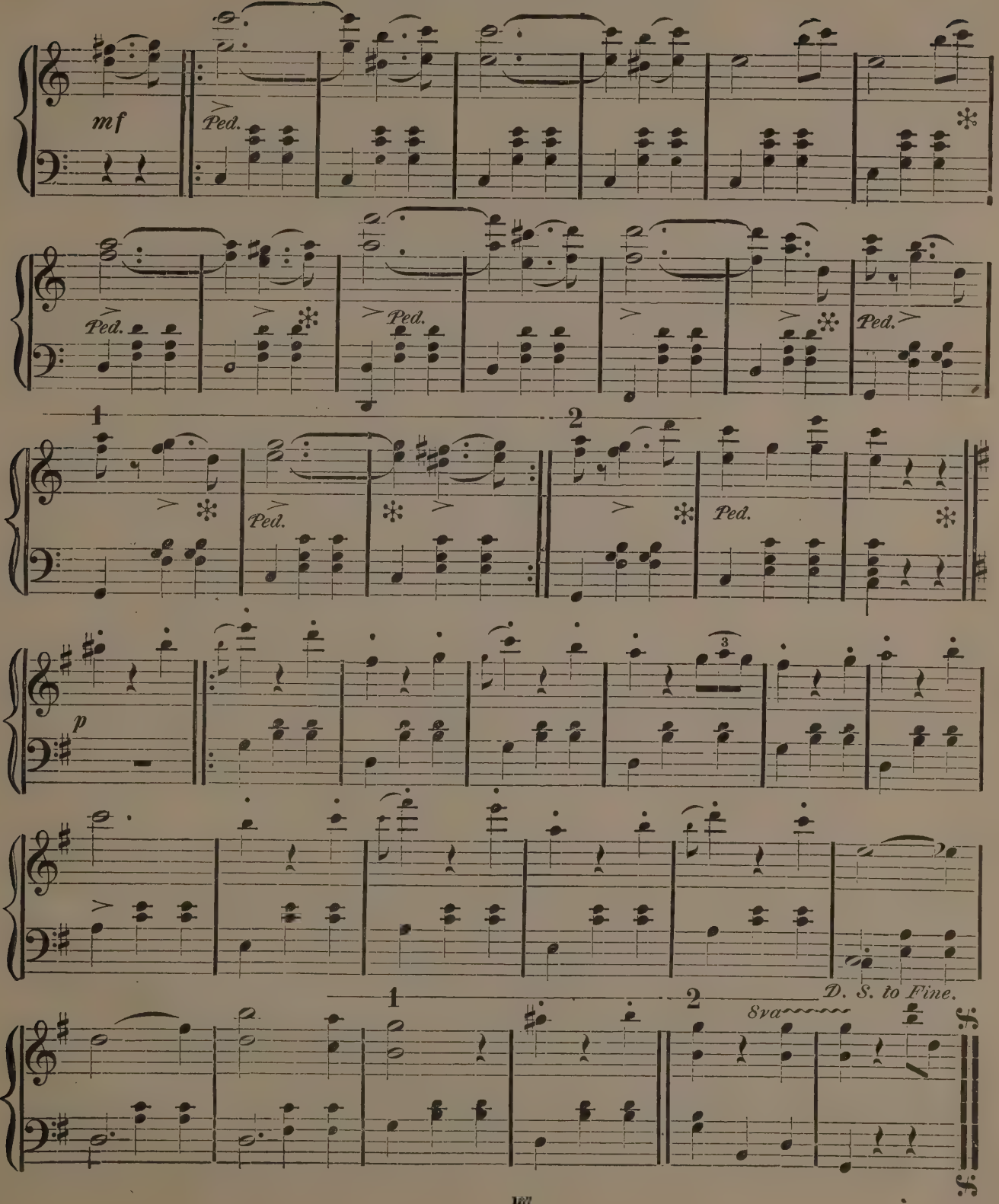
No.

DANCE OF THE FAIRIES WALTZ.

Waltz time.



DANCE OF THE FAIRIES WALTZ.

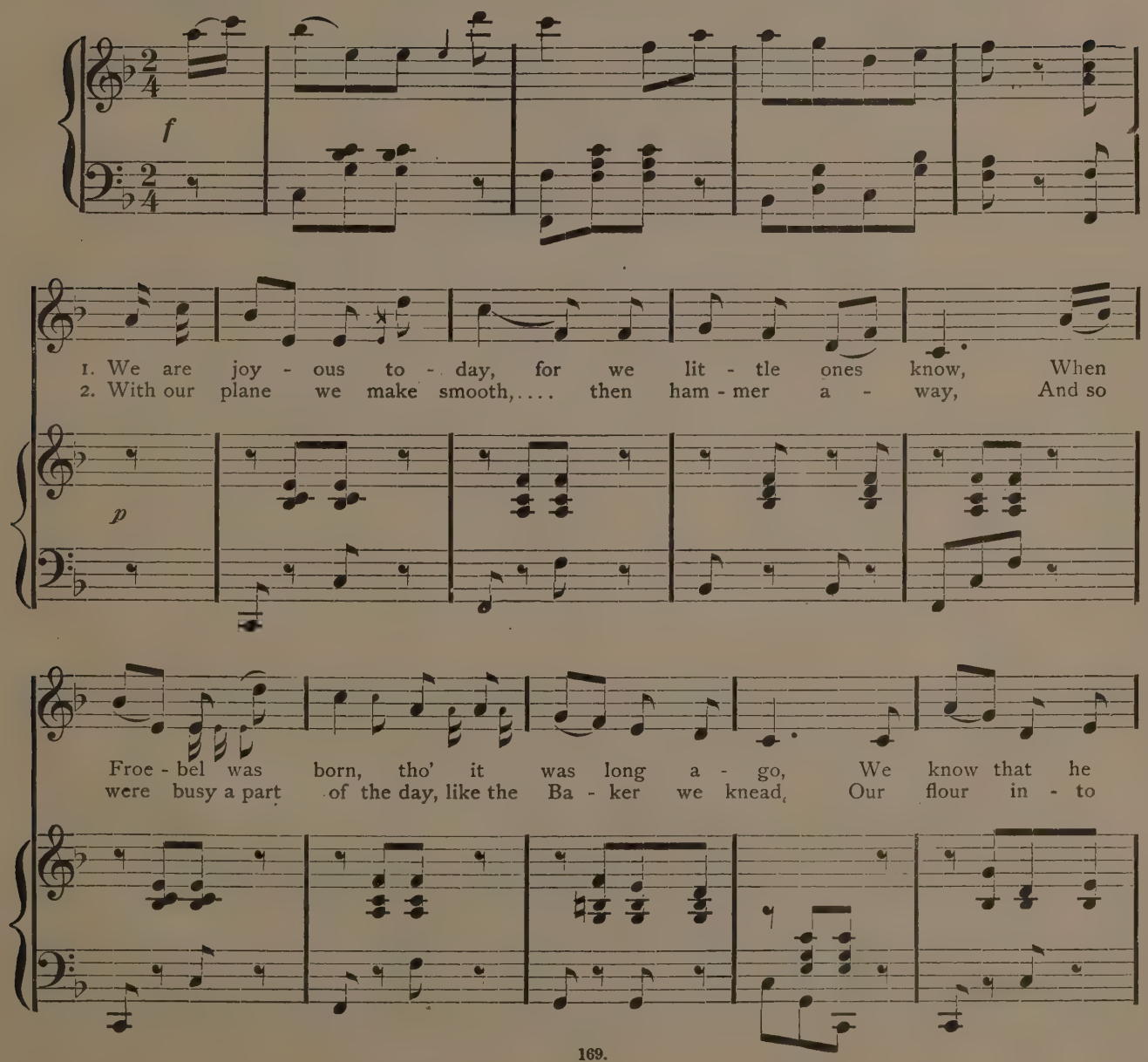


THIRD PART.

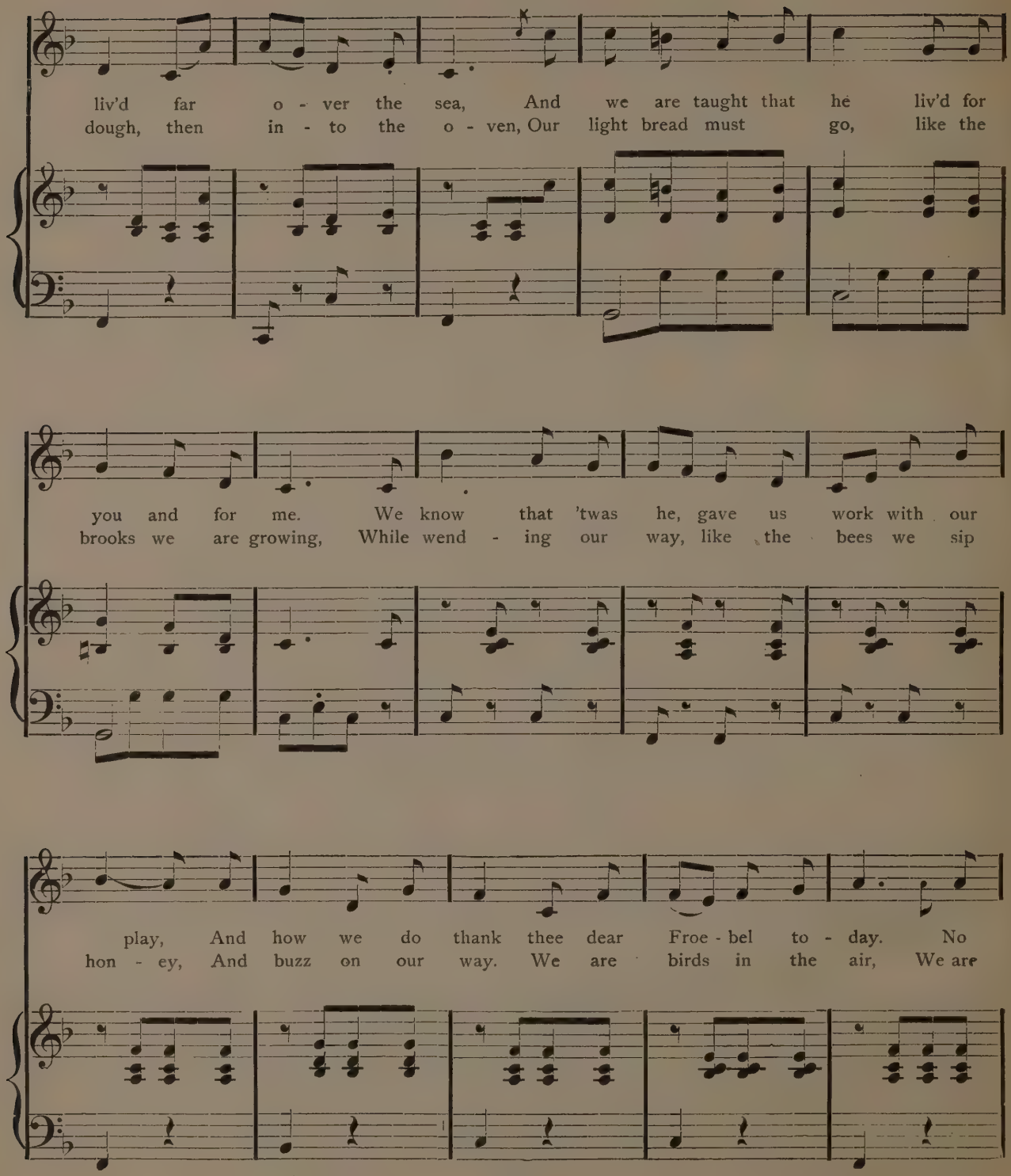
MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 49.
Polka Time.

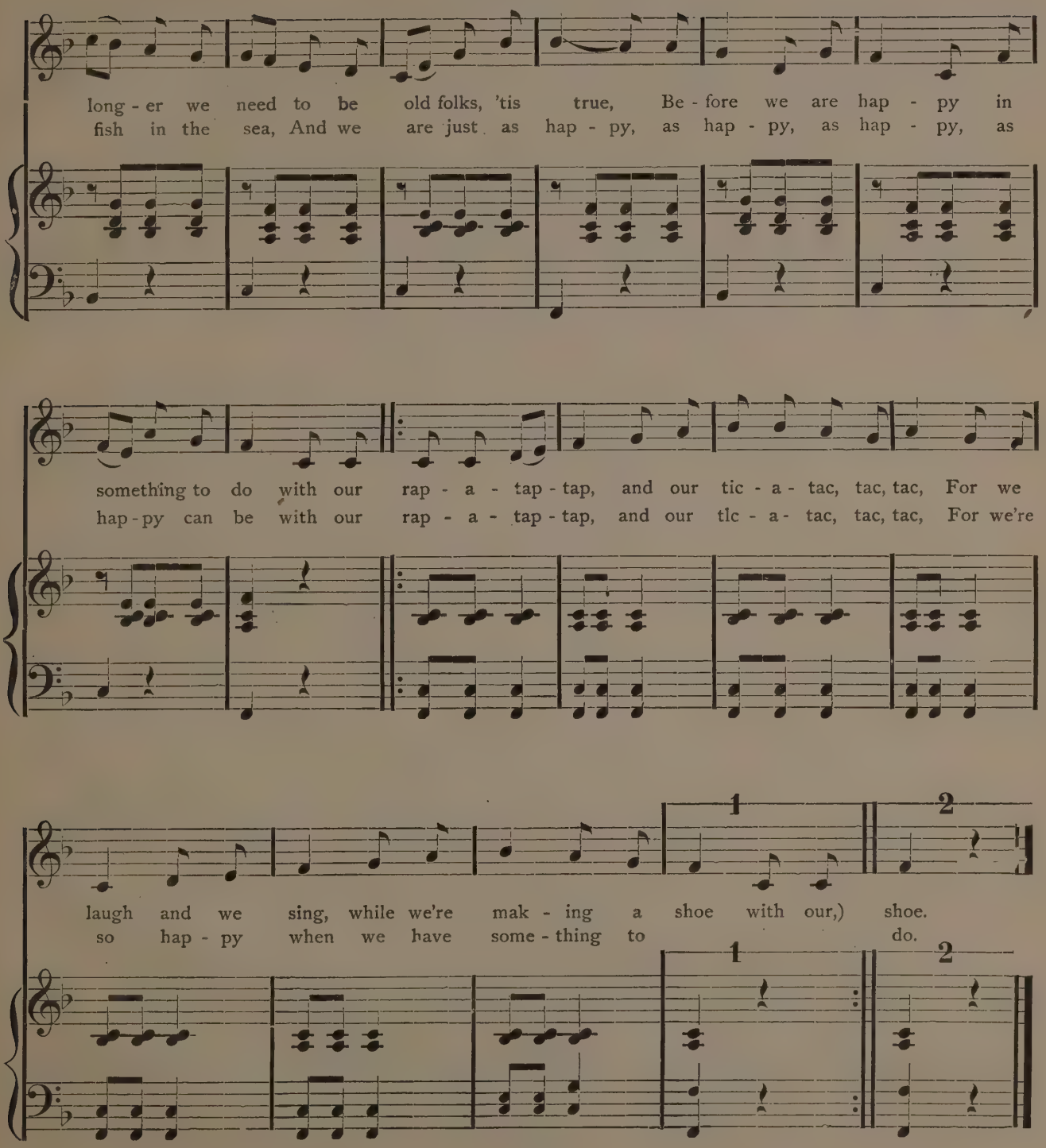
FROEBEL'S SONG.



FROEBEL'S SONG.



FROEBEL'S SONG.



No. 50.

BIRD ON THE TREE.

Not too fast.

1. A lit - tle bird sat on the twig of a tree, A swinging and singing as glad as could be, And
2. A lit - tle boy said to him lit - tle bird stop, And tell me the reason you go with a hop, Wl.y
3. Use your eyes lit - tle boy watch close-ly and see, What lit - tle birds hop — both feet just like me, What

p

shak-ing his tail and smoothing his dress, And hav-ing such fun as you nev-er could guess, And
don't you walk as boys do and men, One foot at a time like a duck or a hen, Then the
lit - tle birds walk like a duck or a hen, And when you know that, you'd know more than some men, Ev'ry

3rd Verse slower and gradually slower to the end.

when he had finished his gay lit - tle song, He flew down the street and went hopping a-long,
lit - tle bird went with a hop, hop, hop, And laugh'd as if he nev-er, never could stop, And he
bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk, Ev'ry bird that can wade in the wa-ter can walk, Ev'ry

This way and that way with both lit - tle feet, While his sharp lit - tle eyes look for something to eat.
said, "Lit - tle boy, there are some birds that talk, And some birds that hop, and some birds that talk.
bird that has claws to catch things can walk, One foot at a time, that's the way they can walk.

Ending.
Original time.

But most lit - tle birds that can sing you a ·ong, Are so· small that their legs are not ve - ry strong, To

8va

p

tr

scratch with, or wade with, or catch things, that's why, They hop with both feet, lit - tle boy, good - bye.

8va

tr

No. 51.

WHAT A BIRD TAUGHT.

Not too fast.

Words by ALICE CAREY

1. Why do you come to my ap - ple - tree? Dear lit - tle bird so gray,.....
2. Why on the top-most bough do you get? Dear lit - tle bird so gray,.....
3. And has she lit - tle, ro - sy feet? And is her bo - dy gray?....
4. Twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, Why what in that should be,.....

Why do you lock your ro - sy feet, So close - ly 'round the tree?..... Twit,
Where is your mate? come an - swer me, Dear lit - tle bird so gray,..... Twit,
And will she come with you and sit In my ap - ple tree some day?..... Twit,
To make it sound so ve - ry sweet? And then it came to me—..... This

Chorus.

twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, was all that he could say..... Twit,
twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, was all that he could say..... Twit,
twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, He said, as he flew a - way..... Twit,
lit - tle bird - ie of the woods, With wings so gay and fleet,..... Did

twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, was all that he would say.....
twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, was all that he would say.....
twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, He said, as he flew a - way.....
just the best for me he could, And that is why 'twas so sweet.....

No. 52.

THE BLUE - BIRD.

Moderately fast.

Poetry by J. G. WHITTIER.

1. I know the song that the blue-bird is sing-ing, Out in the ap-ple tree,
2. Hark! how the mu - sic leaps out from his throat, Hark! was there ev - er so
3. Dear lit - tle blos - soms, down un - der the snow, You must be wea - ry of
4. Lit - tle white snow - drop, I pray you a - rise, Bright, yellow Cro-cus, come

p

Where he is swing - ing, Brave lit - tle fel - low! the skies may be drea - ry,
mer - ry a note? Lis - ten a - while and you'll hear what he's say - ing,
Win - ter, I know; Hark! while I sing you a mes - sage of cheer,
o - pen your eyes. Sweet, lit - tle vi - o - lets, hid from the cold,

Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheer - y, Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery,
Up in the ap - ple-tree, swing-ing and swing - ing, Up in the ap-ple-tree swinging and swinging,
Sum-mer is com-ing and spring-time is here, Sum-mer is coming and spring-time is here.
Put on your mantels of pur - ple and gold, Put on your mantels of pur - ple and gold.

No. 53.

SING US A SONG, BIRDIE.

Moderately fast.

1. Sing us a song, Bird-ie, Sing us a song of glee, Sing of thy home, Birdie, Un-der the Southern sky,
2. Sing us a song, Bird-ie, Sing us a song of cheer, Sing us a song, Birdie, While we are wait-ing here

p

Where thou dost go, Bird ie, When the bleak storms arise, Sihg, Bird ie, sing, Birdie, Sing from the swinging bough.
Sing of thy flight, Birdie, O - ver the wood and plain, Sing us your Song, Bird-ie, Sing us your merry strain.

Sing, Bird-ie, sing, Birdie, Sing from the swinging bough; Sing, Birdie, sing, Birdie, We are all wait-ing now;

Sing, Birdie, sing, Birdie, Sing from the swinging bough; Sing, Birdie, sing, Birdie, We are all waiting now.

No. 54.
Lively.

SPRING.

Slower.

Cuck - oo, cuckoo, cuck - oo! . . . Hark to the call! Win-ter is go-ing,

f *p*

Soft breezes blowing, joy-ous - ly swelling, Gladly fore-tell-ing, Sweet birds are coming, Flowers are blooming

Spring-time, spring-time, hasten along; Winter is go - ing, Soft breezes blowing, Joy-ous - ly swell-ing,

Glad - ly fore-telling, Sweet birds are coming, Flowers are blooming, Springtime, Springtime, Beautiful Spring.

No. 55.

SUPPOSE.

Not too fast.

Words by PHŒBE CAREY.

1. Sup - pose you're dress'd for walk-ing, And the rain comes pouring down, Will it clear off a - ny
2. Sup - pose you find your les - son, Is ve - ry hard to get, Will it make it a - ny
3. Sup - pose the world don't please you, And the way some peo-ple do, Do you think the whole cre -

mf

soon - er, Be - cause you scold and frown, And would' nt it be ni - cer For
eas - ier For you to sit and fret? And would ' nt it be wi - ser, Than
a - tion, Will be al - tered just for you? And is ' nt it, my boy or girl, The

p

you to smile and pout, And so make sunshine in the house, When there is none with-out?
wait-ing like a dunce, To go to work in ear - nest, And learn the thing at once?
wi - sest, bra - vest plan, What ev - er comes or does-' nt come, To do the best you can?

8va *8va*

No. 56.

THE ROLL CALL.

Moderately fast.

1. Are you here my lit - tle bird - ies Spoke the gen - tle breeze, Are you
2. Are you here my lit - tle stream - lets, Calls the whisp'ring breeze, Are you
3. Are you here my lit - tle leaf - lets, Soft - ly spoke the breeze, Have you
4. Are you here my lit - tle flow'rets, Wet with morning dew, Are you

p

With 8va ad lib.

here my lit-tle bird - ies, Spoke the gen-tle breeze, Flying in the branch-es
here my lit-tle streamlets, Calls the whisp'ring breeze, Sparkling in the sun-shine,
found your welcome pla - ces, In the great, brown trees? Yes, and ver - y hap - py
here, cow-slip and dai - sy, And my vio - lets blue? Quickly thro' the mead - ow,

Chirping sweet, oh! sweet, Hap - py bird - ies an - swer, with a gay tweet, tweet.
Danc - ing gai -ly on, Hear the laugh-ing an - swer, Of the streamlet's song.
Are we here a - gain, Cov-'ring all the tree - tops With our robe of green.
O'er the spring-ing grass, From the dew - y vio - lets, Comes a whis-pered, Yes.

5. Little streamlets, little leaflets,
Happy birds, so dear,
And my tender, little flow'rets,
You are then, all here.
And the little dandelions,
With a nod or cheer,
Touched their golden eyes and said,
Every one is here.

6. Are you here my little children,
With glad hearts to-day?
Are you here? Oh, welcome, welcome!
To each one we say.
Welcome, happy spring-time,
Welcome, children, dear,
Welcome, buds and flow'rets,
Welcome, all are here.

No. 57. *Not too fast.*

CLING, CLING, CLINKERTY, CLINK.

1. Clink, clink, clink - er ty, clink! We be - gin to ham-mer at morning's blink, And hammer a-way, 'Till the
2. Clink, clink, clink - er-ty, clink! From labor and care we shall nev - er sink, But our fires we'll blow, 'Till our
3. Clink, clink, clink - er-ty, clink! The chain we'll forge with many a link, We'll work each form, While the
4. Clink, clink, clink - er-ty, clink! Our fa - ces may be as black as ink, But our hearts are true As

mf

bu - sy day, Like us, a wea-ry, to rest shall sink, Clink, clink, clink-er-ty, clink! Like
for - ges blow With light intense, while our eye-lids wink, Clink, clink, clink-er-ty, clink! With
i - ron is warm, With strokes as fast as we can think, Clink, clink, clink-er-ty, clink! With
man ev-er knew, And kindly of all we shall ev - er think, Clink, clink, clink-er-ty, clink! And

Gradually slower

us, a - wea-ry, to rest, ... to rest shall sink . . . . . .
light intense, while our eye - lids, our eye - lids wink . . . . . .
strokes as fast as we, ... as we can think . . . . . .
kind - ly of all we shall ev - er, shall ev - er think . . . . . .

Gradually slower - - - - - - - - - - - -

No. 58.

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

Slowly.

Words by KRIEGE.

1. Great, wide, wonderful, beau-ti - ful world, With the won-der ful wa-ters a - round you curl'd, And the
2. The wonderful air is o - ver me, And the won-der ful wind is shaking the tree, It
3. Say, friendly earth, how far do you go, With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow, With
4. Ah! you are so great, and I am so small, I tremble to think of you world at all, And

p

A little faster.

wonder - ful grass up - on your breast, World, you are grandly and beauti- ful - ly dressed.
walks on the water, and whirls the mills, And talks to it - self on the top of the hills.
cit ies and garden and cliffs and isles, And peo - ple up - on you for thou-sands of miles.
yet when I said my prayers to day, A whis - per with-in me seemed to say—5. *You* are more than the

Gradually slower and slower.

earth, Tho' you are such a dot, ... You can love and think, And the world can - not. . . . .

No. 59.

WAVES ON THE SEA - SHORE.

1. Roll on, roll on, you rest - less waves, That toss a-bout and roar, Why

p

do you all run back a - gain, When you have reach'd the shore?..... Roll

on, roll on, you noi - sy waves, Roll high - er up the strand,..... How

is it that you can - not pass That line of yel - low sand? You

cres. *f* *p*

all should keep to time and space, And all should keep to rule ;..... Both

waves up-on the sand-y shore, Man must o-bey the school.....

No. 60.
Slowly.

LADY MOON.

Words by J. G. WHITTIER.

1. La-dy moon, la-dy moon, where are you rov-ing? O-ver the sea, o-ver the sea.
2. Are you not tir-ed with roll-ing and nev-er, Rest-ing to sleep, rest ing to sleep.
3. Ask me not this lit-tle child, if you love me! You are too bold, you are too bold.

La-dy moon, la-dy moon, whom are you lov-ing? All who love me, all who love me.
Why look so pale and so sad, as for-ev-er Wish-ing to weep, wish-ing to weep.
I must o-bey my dear fa-ther a-bove me, And do as I'm told, and do as I'm told.

No. 61.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

1. They drive home the cows from the past-ure,
2. They know where the fruit hangs the thickest, On the
3. Those who toil brave-ly are the strongest; The

March time.

f *mf*

Up, thro' the long sha - dy lane,..... Where the quail whis - tles
long, thorn - y black - ber - ry vines,..... They know where the
hum - ble and poor be - come great,..... And so from these brown-

loud in the wheat-fields, That are yel - low with rip - 'ning grain.
ap - ples hang ri - pest And where the red bit - ter, sweet sweet twines. They
hand - ed chil - dren, Shall grow might - y rul - ers of the state. The

They find in the thick, wav - ing grass-es, Where the scar - let - tip - ped
gath - er the de - li-cate sea - - - - weeds, And shells that the O-cean-
pen of the au - - - thor and the statesman, The no - - - ble and wise

straw - ber - ry grows, They gath - er then the ear - liest snow-drops,
wave - - - - - - brings, And at night-time are fold - ed in slum - ber,
of the land, The sword, and the chis - el and pal - lette,

And the first crim - son buds of the rose.
By a song that a fond moth - er sings.
Shall be held in - - - the lit - tle brown hand.

f

f

No. 62.

I AM A BUSY BEE.

Bird Song.

Slowly.

Words by J. H. FILMORE.

mf

1. I am a hon ey bee, buz-zing a - way, We are buzzing, are buzzing, are buz - zing,
2. Up in the morning no laggards are we, We are buzzing, are buzzing, are buz - zing,
3. No i - dle moments have we thro' the day, We are buzzing, are buzzing, are buz - zing, No

p *pp*

O - ver the blossoms the long summer day, We are buzzing, are buzzing, are buz - zing.....
Skimming the clo-ver-tops ripe for the bee, We are buzzing, are buzzing, are buz - zing.....
time to squander in sleep or in play, We are buzzing, are buzzing, are buz - zing.....

pp

I AM A BUSY BEE.

Now in the lil - lys cups, drink-ing my fill, Now where the ros-es bloom un-der the hill,
Waking the flow-ers at dawn - ing day, Ere the bright sun kiss the dewdrops a-way,
Sum-mer is fly - ing and we must be sure, Food for the winter at once to se-cure,

f

Seeking the hon-ey our hives to sup-ply, We are buz-zing, are buzzing, are buz - zing,
Seeking the hon-ey our hives to sup-ply, We are buz-zing, are buzzing, are buz - zing.
Food for the win-ter at once to se-cure, We are buz-zing, are buzzing, are buz - zing.

pp

COME, LITTLE LEAVES.

No. 63.

In moderate time.

M. R. Osgood.

1. Come lit-tle leaves said the wind one day, Come o'er the mead - ows with me and play,
2. Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call, Down they came flut - ter-ing one and all,
3. Dancing and whirl-ing the little leaves went, Win - ter had call'd them and they were content,

Put on your dres-ses of red and gold, For sum - mer is gone, and the days grow cold.
O - ver the brown fields they danc'd and flew, Sing-ing the soft lit - tle songs they knew.
Soon fast a - sleep in their earth - y beds, The snow laid a cov - er - lid o'er their heads.

No. 64. *With Spirit.*

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

1. Onward, Christian Sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus,
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa - tan's host doth flee, On, then, Christian Sol - diers,
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus,
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces,

Go - ing on be - fore, Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a gainst the foe,
On, to vic - to - ry, Earth's foun - da - tion quiv - ers, At the shout of praise;
Con-stant will re - main, Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that church pre - vail;
In the tri umph song, Glo - ry, laud and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. . . . .
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise. . . . .
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can not fail . . . .
This thro' countless a - ges, Men and Angels sing . . . .
Onward, Christian Sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus, Go-ing on be - fore.

No. 65.

SONG OF THE BLACKSMITH.

March time.

1. The blacksmith hammers the whole day long, His ham-mer is heav-y, but his arm is strong, He heats the i-ron in the fire, Then ham-mers out a large, round tire;

2. Here comes a horse, what will he do? He'll ham-mer out a nice, new shoe! Here comes a man with brok-en chain, He'll hammer the links to-geth-er a-gain;

f

Mark the accompaniment strong.

Strike, boys, strike, while the i-ron is red hot, Strike boys, strike, while the i-ron is red hot.

No. 66. NATURE'S GOD IS THERE.

Slowly.

1. When o'er earth is break - ing, Ros - y, light, and fair,..... Morn a - far pro-
2. When the spring is wreath - ing, Flowers, rich and rare,..... On each leaf is

claim - eth Sweet - ly, "God is there," Sweet-ly, "God is there."
writ - ten, "Na-ture's God is there," 'Nature's God is there."

No. 67. PARADISE.

BARNBY.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a-dise! The world is growing old; Who would not be at

hap - py land, Where they that lov'd are blest? Where loy-al hearts and true..... Stand
rest, and free, Where love is nev - er cold? Where loy-al hearts and true..... Stand

ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.
ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

3. O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay?
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4. O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

No. 68.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

Slowly.

Poetry by MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.

1. Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee ;....
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun goes down, ...
3. There let my way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n ;...

E'en though it be a cross, That..... rais - eth me,.....
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My..... rest a stone ;....
All that thou send'st to me, In..... mer - cy given,....

Still all my song shall be, Near - er my God, to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er my God, to Thee!
An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er my God, to Thee!

Near - er my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.....
Near - er my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.. ..
Near - er my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.....

4. Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be,
}:Nearer my God to Thee,:{
Nearer to Thee.

5. Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the Sky,
Sun, Moon, and Stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
{:Nearer, my God, to Thee,:
Nearer to Thee

NEARER TO HEAVEN WE'LL BE.

No. 69.

Not fast.

1. There is a brooklet just o - ver the way, With the but - ter - cup blossoms at play, ...
2. There is a lit - tle Bee fresh from the hive, Truly the bus - i - est fel - low a - - live. . . . .
3. There was a lit - tle child pass- ing who heard, Sing of the brooklet and ca - rol of bird. . . . .

Fine.

Run- ing be - tween them and laughing all day, Play with me flow - ers who may. . . .
Help-ing him - self to the sweets that he lacks, Begg-ing the blossoms for wax. . . . .
Smiled on the bee as he buzzed on his way, "I will be hap - py as they." . . .

There is a lit - tle bird up in the tree, Teaching her bir - dies to say, chic chic,
There was a lit - tle child passing who heard, Song of the brooklet and carol of bird,

Repeat from beginning.

This means in Eng- lish, "How hap -py are we" Near- er to heav'n we'll be. . . . . .
Smiled on the bee as he buzzed on his way, I will be happy as they. . . . .

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